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V O L. V.

L O N D O N :
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M DCC LXXXVI.



Contents of the Fifth Volume.

	Page
N the talk'd of Marriage between Lord March and Lady H. Stanhope	5
On Modern Marriages	7
To Lady Bab Evergreen	ibid
On a Gentleman buying a Shoe-horn	11
Sailor's Description of a Masquerade	ibid
On Jemmy Twitcher and Lord Dudley punting for a wager	15
On Lord North speaking of Lord Sandwich	16
To the Memory of Captain Bentinck	18
To the Memory of Mr. Charles Dennis	ibid
The Times	19
Periwigomenos	ibid
On the Death of Lord Clive	22
Extempore by Churchill, on Thomson's Willows	23
Shakespeare's Feast	ibid
Bon Mot by Mr. Vaughan	29
Characters for a Masquerade	ibid
Verses to a Lady, with a Knife	31
To the same, with a Ring	32
Lines by a Lady, on the white hairs on her Husband's head	34
The Frantic Lover	35
To a Lady, with a new Edition of Shakespeare	38
Verses on Mr. Powis's Cottage	43
Elegy on Admiral Byng	44
Imitation of Horace, to a Friend	46
Dr. Franklin's Epitaph	50
On seeing Lady A—r's Picture	51
The Monkies	52
Epigram. I have lost my Mistress, &c.	53
To Clara	54
Maxim	55
E. Contra	ibid
Edem	56
Epigram	ibid
Nonpareil	ibid
To a Lady Weeping ; by John Kent, Esq.	57
Epigram on Mr. Ambrose ; by the Earl of Chesterfield	58
Answer	ibid
Written on a Window	ibid
Epigram. Says a Beau, &c.	59
P. versus C.	ibid
Ode at the Encoenia at Oxford ; by Dr. Wheeler	64

	Page
Parody on the preceding	69
Ode on a Bachelors Meeting at Cambridge	75
Epitaph on Bobtail	80
To Lord —, on his Dog Bobtail	81
On the Death of Cruso	83
Captivated Bee	85
Inventory of Dr. Swift's goods	87
Stanzas to obviate an Objection to a Lady	88
To Miss —, of Horsemanden ; by Mr. Cawthorne	89
To Allan Ramsay ; by Mr. Somerville	90
Epistle to a Friend ; by Mr. Hogarth	94
Old Man of Verona ; by Mr. Langhorne	96
To a Lady who accused the Author of Flattery	97
On a Lady Sleeping	98
Prologue to a Puppet-shew	ibid
The Expostulation ; by Lord G —	100
The Reply ; by Lady Mary S —	101
Choice of a Wife	102
Choice of a Husband	105
On Freedom and Friendship ; by Dr. Hawksworth	107
Verses by Pope, to Mr. C —	108
Inscription at Scarborough	109
Translations from Simonides	ibid
Pleasures of the Mind	110
Invitation to G. Doddington, Esq. by Mr. C. Pitt	115
To Mr. C. Pitt	116
Health	118
Court of Venus	119
J. H. Browne, Esq. on his Birth-day	121
Choice of a Wife by Cheese	123
Figure of Death ; by Dr. Harrington	125
Written in the Pump-room at Bath	126
The Sportsman	127
New Year Ode, to King Bladud	136
To the Parrot	138
On Lady — holding up a Hat	140
A Tale	141
Intelligence Extraordinary	143
Literary Article, in the manner of the Critical Review,	149
On Newspapers	151
Madness, a Poem	160
To a Lady, on the night of an Eclipse	164
Amusement in High Life	165
Description of America	166
Life, an Ode	167
Nothing new under the Sun	169

	Page
A Tale	169
Horace and Lydia	177
To a Lady reading Gibbon	178
La Rose; par M. Bernard	179
Translation	180
Le Déflement de la Guerre; par le Roi de Prusse	182
Epigrams	185
On seeing a Boy walk on Stilts	186
Epigram on the Fast	188
A whimsical Rebus	ibid
On the Death of General Wolfe	ibid
On the Scotch Pavement	189
Mercy. To the King	ibid
Ship-news	201
Hackfall	205
Day, an Epistle to Mr. Wilkes; by Dr. Armstrong	209
On an Old Black Coat	219
On an Old Hat	221
Life of a Woman of the Town	222
Lord Mayor's-day	224
L— L—'s answer to, What is Grace?	226
The Poet; by Dr. Akenfide	230
Epistle from Oberea, by Joseph Banks, Esq.	237
Orange Girl at Foote's	250
Epistle to the Hon. Mr. —, in behalf of an unfortunate Young Lady	257
More Cross-reading	262
Epistle from Lord Russel to Lord Cavendish	275
On a handsome Landlady	293
Captive Lark	296
Emma of Shrewsbury	298
Allen and Ella	303
Contented Pair	308
Comparison between a Lady and Miss Lawrence	310
Naiad of Bath	311
New Tale grafted on an Old Story	313
On a Lady's asking a Gentleman how much he loved her	315

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THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR
W I T.

ON THE TALKED OF MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF
MARCH, NOW DUKE OF QUEENSBURY, WITH
THE FAIR LADY HARRIET STANHOPE.

BY CAPT. E. THOMSON.

I.

SAY, Jockey Lord, advent'rous Maccaroni,
So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff and starch,
Why quit the amble of thy pacing poney?
Why on a filly risk the fame of March?

II.

Consult the equestrian bard, wife Chiron Beever,
Or Dr. Heber's learned Sybil leaves,
And they, true Members of the *Scavoir Vivre*,
Will tell the wond'rous things that love receives.

VOL. V.

B

III. Why

III.

Why in the spavin of your days, sweet Sir,
 Attempt to draw on Cupid's little boot ;
 Let Jockey Grosvenor's fate, alas ! deter,
 Ah think, Newmarket Lord, what things may
 sprout.

IV.

Few Tits, perhaps, were ever higher bred,
 What shoulders, limbs ! you know, my Lord, she
 staunch is,
 She's fresh from pasture, never back'd or fed,
 For you, she should be thrown upon her haunches.

V.

Ah think, 'Squire Groom, in spite of Pembroke's
 bits,
 An abler rider oft have lost his seat,
 Young should the jockey be who mounts such tits,
 Or he'll be run away with every heat.

VI.

Stick to the Jockey Club, attend your bard,
 Nor ever think of dancing Love's cotillion ;
 For Ligonier, who gallop'd quite as hard,
 Was double distanced by his own postilion.

AN EPIGRAM ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be
rude,

Miss Daphne cry'd Fish ! and ran swift to the wood;
And, rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution ;
For, sure, to turn tree was an odd resolution !
Yet in this she behav'd like a Coterie spouse,
As she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

TO LADY BAB EVERGREEN, AT BATH, FROM MISS
VIZARD, ON THE MASQUERADE.

BY THE SAME.

SINCE you long to be told of our sweet Masque-
rade,
Of the jests that were pass'd, and the tricks we all
play'd,
Of the dresses, the dances, apartments, and lights,
Of the wits and the fools, and the beauties and frights;
I shall write you a sketch ere I step into bed,
Tho' at six in the morn, with such pranks in my }
head,
'Tis no wonder my eyes are as heavy as lead. }

B 2

When

When we enter'd this paradise, judge, my dear
Madam,

With what pleasure we met our first ancestor Adam,
Good God ! 'twas so awful to see whence we sprung ;
For the dress to his body most prettily clung :
And lest his green girdle should pass for dame Eve's,
He kept on the fruit, which peep'd out 'twixt the
leaves.

There scarce was a habit but what was admir'd,
Such plenty of jewels—some borrow'd—some hir'd ;
And many a pearl and a diamond did pass,
Which at peep of the dawn prov'd of wax or of glass.
How soft were the sofas ! how bright shone the lustres !
How charming the mirrors we flock'd to in clusters !
For they we agreed all the figures look'd best,
When each saw her own, which she thought beat
the rest.

You know a whole week, day and night we went
shopping ;

We ransack'd the town, from St. James's to Wapping,
Yet sure the variety answer'd such pains,
Inventions that rarely have enter'd folks brains :
What numbers of Dervises, Druids, and Priests,
Grave Pilgrims and Æthiops, Monks and wild Beasts ;
Sure ne'er will such creatures again meet together,
Until the last trumpet, nor then, perhaps, neither.
For Peasants and Gypsies sat swilling champaigne,
With old British heroes, and proud dons of Spain ;

Rich

Rich Nabobs and Sultans shook hands with torn rags,
 Apollo and Mars danc'd with Beldams and Hags.
 The men in the main were but boorish and stupid,
 For Bacchus had votaries, far more than Cupid ;
 While one of the crowd was a madman profess'd,
 By which you will judge him less mad than the rest.
 But now for the women, why nine out of ten
 So doubtful were clad, you m^t take them for men ;
 'Till shrewdly enough, 'twixt their knees and their
 necks,
 For decency sake, they discover'd their sex.
 Whole groups were attentive, while Lane talk'd so
 clever,
 And Wald'grave's fair widow look'd buxom as ever.
 Full many a lover who long'd to accost her,
 Was kept at a distance by Humphry of Glo'ster.
 Old haggards I mark'd, stuck with gems so de-
 lightful,
 Which hung there as lights for to shew them more
 frightful ;
 While Lev'son attracted a just admiration,
 Decrepid old hermits scarce stood the temptation :
 'Twixt Cockburne, and Abington, Granard, and
 Craven,
 Fair Pembroke, with others so fam'd on the Avon,
 And Pallas whose eyes were too black for a raven.

But a tight smirking milk-maid, in dowlas and pat-tens,

Eclips'd all our tinsels, our silks, and our fattins :

While many a shepherd kept telling his tale,

The warmth of her blush turn'd the milk in her pail.

Now the clock had gone five—'twas time for re-treating,

So I left near an hundred, or yawning, or eating ;

A few noble couples staid fitting on thorns,

To wait till the moon should have drawn in her horns;

Then as every conjugal duty was parry'd,

They hail'd it the best night since they were marry'd.

Pale virgins there were, who confess'd their young fears,

While matrons march'd off with bold grenadiers.

'Twere endless to mention the many rare jokes,

Repeated or whisper'd betwixt us arch folks ;

Nor is it quite fitting, for girls at my years,

To speak from their lips all that enters their ears:

I shall now go to sleep, and thank God in my mind,

What is done in a dream leaves no traces behind.

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M

ON A GENTLEMAN BUYING HIMSELF A SHOE.
HORN.

BY THE SAME.

SAYS Mum to his spouse, some occasion I'll steal,
And make up your antlers, friend Ned :
Since I find you have added one horn to your heel,
I'll answer for two for your head.

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE MASQUERADE :
AS PLAYED BEFORE THE KING OF DENMARK TO
A CROWDED, MOTLEY AUDIENCE, IN THE HAY-
MARKET.

BY THE SAME.

LITTLE Moll, faith, and I from Wapping
came up,
To see the fine shew and the folks ;
But for fear of mistakes we thought best for to sup ;
For these courtiers have comical jokes.

When first we came in, I was 'maz'd to behold,
Night at once was all chang'd into day :
The folks seem'd to roll like a vast sea of gold,
And the gall'ry stuff'd full like a play.

Little Moll dropp'd a-stern, being afraid to make
fail,

'Till I at her helm took a spell ;
When whip in a trice, she steer'd up within hail
Of the devil, just landed from hell.

Lord bless me, says she, Ben ! where have we got ?
This company's too good for us !
Sure at home he was cold, and's come here to be hot,
For such devils I never did see !

The devil ! ne'er mind—heave a-head, my dear girl,
And I'll shew you the King of the crew ;
Each Duke, ev'ry Duchess—each Lady and Earl,
And when I bump—do you court'sy do !

Like a *Tragedy-Queen*, when Moll saw the King,
Plump on her bare knees she fell down :
But, by Neptune, I soon made her rise with a spring,
And swore she knew nought of the town.

We parted—and I, faith, who like to be smart,
Clapp'd on board of a shepherdess sweet,
Who, with no other crook than her eyes, hook'd my
heart,
As fast as if prest in the Fleet.

She

She pull'd me about (till parch'd was my mouth)

At the rate of ten knots by the log :

But I soon found this King was no tar—but a youth.

For he Burgundy gave us as grog.

This gay little shepherdess, faith, was so smart,

She tow'd me from pillar to post;

Some call'd me a lubber, unfit for my part,

And wreck'd on the masquerade coast.

Mandarins and Nabobs were as plenty as rice,

Jews, Negroes, Banyans, and what not ;

There were characters purchas'd at every price,

Unless the raw, bra, letter'd Scot.

In this ocean of pleasure, egad, there were tars,

Who ne'er past the buoy of the Nore ;

There were soldiers, like Hymen, who knew not of
wars,

And *domino* fools by the score.

There were pilgrims and quakers, blacks, witches,
and nuns,

Minervas without sense or tongue,

Who falter'd and lisp'd out some feminine puns :

" Do you know me ? "—was all said or sung.

Grave conjurors too, who ne'er conjur'd before,
 And harlequins heavy as dross ;
 Mild *Night* too, who long shone the sun of the shore,
 But set in the fair Mrs. Ross. *

Old wives were at once to dull Gen'rals turn'd ;
 And *Tancred* in sorrowful strain,
 Wept PHILIP's wrongs—and then instantly burn'd,
 For Diana from lewd Drury-lane.

There was supper they said—we got nothing to eat ;
 Here a fort, there a town, here St. Paul :
 But all cram'd, as at *short allowance* of meat,
 Gorging garrisons, gardens, and all.

By strange kitchen alchymy every dish
 Seem'd transmuted for Epicure Mammon :
 There was fishified flesh, and fleshified fish ;
 A calf's head seem'd a fine jole of salmon.

When I thought I took one thing, another I got ;
 The French cook so well knew his trade,
 That ev'ry thing look'd like what it was not,
 And the dishes were all MASQUERADE.

* Behold, in character of *Night*,
 All clad in dark array,
 Fanny appears !—the thought how right !—
 Fanny has had her *Day*.

There

The were none lost their wit, there were some lost
 some sweat,
 In short 'twas all Hebrew to me ;
 So my anchor I trip'd, with my kind little Bet, *
 And paid Moll *with a top-sail* at sea.

UPON JEMMY TWITCHER—PUNTING FOR A WAGER
 AT HAMPTON-COURT, WITH THE LORD DUDLEY
 WARD—AND MISS RAY, LIKE A SECOND CLEO-
 PATRA, STANDING ON THE BANKS TO OBSERVE
 THE FEATS OF THESE HEROES.

BY THE SAME.

SEE how the King—his little slaves rewards,
 An age of frolics—and a youth of cards.
 See the elected Neptune of our isle,
 Strip to his shirt to make his mistres smile—
 Some men to *hunting*, some to *punting* take,
 At seventy-four, old Twitcher turns a rake,
 And while he shoves and strives upon the wave,
 His beauteous Thais smiles upon her slave :
 And in harmonious numbers moves his care—
 Chaunting—“ None but the brave deserve the fair.”
 Cæsar and Pompey—on the rapid Nile,
 Once drew the beauteous Cleopatra’s smile :

* The amiable Mrs. Powel—wife of the Tragedian.

So Dudley Ward—and Jemmy Twitcher gay,
 Court the applauses of the gentle Ray—
 The heroes start—they punt before her eyes,
 And my Lord Dudley bore away the prize;
 For when erect the gallant Twitcher stood,
 He mis'd his shove—and tumbled in the mud;
 Ah—wo is me—that I the truth shou' tell,
 But Thaïs clapp'd her hands when Jemmy fell;
 And to profess at once her great regard,
 Flew to the open arms of Dudley Ward.
 On Pompey's fate—did Cleopatra smile,
 When his old head—roll'd blubbering down the Nile.

ON LORD NORTH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS SPEAKING ONE DAY OF THE PUBLIC CHARACTER OF LORD SANDWICH.

BY THE SAME.

LORD North speaking one day in the House of Commons of the public character of Lord Sandwich, termed his Lordship "*an able and faithful servant of the nation.*" According to the votes this "*able and faithful creature,*" in the year 1771, was entrusted with *two millions and an half* of the public money, as a rupture with Spain was, at that time, expected. The rupture did not happen..

Fer

For form's sake I pray,
 You'll tell us—MISS RAY,
 What then did become of the money?
 Lord Sandwich is just,
 I'll vouch for his trust,
 He's as honest as lank Lyttletony.

There are others to blame,
 Whom I choose not to name,
 For truth, we all know, is a libel;
 Hence an Admiralty Peer,
 Whose conscience is clear,
 Can laugh at all truths in the Bible.

It is curious to observe how the ministers, in each house of parliament, puff one another. Is Lord North attacked in the House of Peers—Lord Sandwich is on his legs in an instant to declare, “*That there never was a better First Lord of the Treasury.*” Is the First Commissioner of the Admiralty censured in the House of Commons—Lord North pronounces Lord Sandwich to be, “*a most able, faithful, and diligent servant of his king and country.*”

Says Lockit to Peachum, “ You've nothing to fear,
 “ If they battle in front, I'll defend in the rear.”
 Says Peachum to Lockit, “ I laugh at the hum,
 “ Let me finger the pelf, they may all kiss my —.”

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPT. JOHN BENTINCK,
WHO WAS A NATIVE OF HOLLAND, A COM-
MANDER IN THE ENGLISH NAVY, AND NEPHEW
TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

BY THE SAME.

A Public loss demands a public tear,
And such a nation gives to BENTINCK's bier ;
Whose active genius, gallantry and sense,
Gave him amongst his corps the first pretence :
Our navy's ornament, his country's grace,
In private virtues brilliant to his race.
Triumphant thus, o'er life's tumultuous wave,
His vessel ail'd with glory to the grave.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CHARLES DENIS,
JUNE 11, 1772.

BY THE SAME.

ATTEND this Monody, ye mournful Nine,
And scatter evergreens around the shrine !
•Twas he did honour to the Muse's train,
And gave this happy isle a new *Fontaine :
Lloyd sang his fame—to whom he shew'd regard,
•This *Thomson* writ—and *Garrick* lov'd the Bard.

THE

* Mr. Charles Denis was the brother of Sir Peter—bred to phys-
ic, which he did not practice for some years before his death.—

Mr.

T H E T I M E S.

BY THE SAME.

THE 'Squire he votes, yet frets and kills his mutton,
 The Alderman he growls, and lives a glutton :
 The dames of qual uncheck'd by morals run on,
 Whilst poor John Bull has nought to put his foot on : }
 Yet G—— with *Pinchy* laughs, and turns a button }

E. T.

P E R I W I G O M E N O S.

A CONGRATULATORY ODE FROM THE BODY OF BARBERS TO THE KING, UPON WEARING A WIG, WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE FRATERNITY OF SHAVERS, BY CHA. CURL.

BY THE SAME.

BARBERS, *shavers, dressers* all,
 Obey the glorious call ;
 Pour oil upon your heads and ground,
 And snap your fingers round !
 Snip, Snap !

Mr. Garrick used to call him his oldest friend.—He translated many of Fontaine's Fables, which were published in the Poetical Magazine by Mr. R. Lloyd. He had a great deal of wit and vivacity, and published many ingenious Fables.

Now

Now each prepare his shining strap,
 And let his razor glide along,
 Quick by starts, but let the strokes be strong.
 Hail ! hail ! all hail this day !
 The King he threw his hair away !
 Joy to his razor'd head !
 Joy to the *Tyburn-bob* !
 That first did wed
 His fat, his jolly nob.

O ! what joys will now come after,
 Curl your muscles boys with laughter !
 Ev'ry barber takes his rig,
 George the Third, boys, wears a wig :
 Smooth his Royal pericranium bare,
 O ! 'tis a noble nob without its hair.
 Come sweet tripping, buxom daughter,,
 Draw us lily heads of porter :
 And let it rise,
 In snowy foam, or rather
 Like the fairest lather,
 Sparkling to our longing eyes.

You've heard an ancient story, barbers whist,
 Of *Berenice's* hair,
 Which has the skies bedight ;
 She, she, she,
 Delightful, royal drab,
 Was not free, free,
 Alas ! from the scab.

When

When the first barber of the pole,
 A great, a mighty soul ;
 Did invent,
 To her content,
 A covering for her head ;
 For this invention,
 Drew the attention,
 Of each Egyptian se , ;
 Who ev'ry year,
 For years before
 By mighty Mars had swore,
 That their oracle was big,
 With something useful, something queer,
 And this, and this, ye barbers was a Wig.
 Happy, happy, happy hair,
 None but the fair
 Deserve a Wig.

The gods beyond measure,
 Took infinite pleasure,
 To curl and frizzle
 The old lady's grizzle ;
 In honour of *Conon* the shaver,
 Her hair it found favour,
 Above and below,
 Below and above,

Barbers

Barbers have no foe,
 No, no, no :
 They are the sons of love.
 From the clouds now look down,
 Nor *Berenice* frown ;
 Tho' a Wig bears the Crown ! }
 Thy spleen and anger do not hurl,
 Nor with thy water wet a precious curl !
 But let it easily fit
 Upon his seat of wit !
 Shew thy benignity,
 Unto its dignity !

*Cha. Curl, Poet-hairial to the Company of
 Gentlemen Periwig Makers.*

ON THE DEATH OF LORD CLIVE.

BY THE SAME.

LIFE's a surface flipp'ry, glassy,
 Whereon tumbled *Clive* of *Plassey* :
 All the wealth the *East* could give,
 Brib'd not Death to let him live :
 No distinction's in the grave,
 'Tween the nabob and the slave.

EXTEMPORE.

E X T E M P O R E.

BY MR. C. CHURCHILL.

CAPT. Thomson having planted some weeping willows before his house in the bridle road, *Kew-lane*, and Mr. Churchill surprising him one morning with the window open, repeated,

Here lives a half-pay * poet run to rust,
And all his willows weeping in the dust!

S H A K E S P E A R E ' s F E A S T.

A N O D E.

I.

'TWAS at the solemn feast, for laurels won,
By WILLIAM, old JOHN SHAKESPEARE's son,
Aloft in awful state,
The May'r of STRATFORD late,
Rais'd on a wool-pack'd throne :

* At this time Mr. Thomson was a Lieutenant of the Navy on half-pay—having sat down in this Hamlet after the termination of a glorious war in the year 1762, in which he served in the Dorsetshire and Bellona, under the command of that gallant Captain Sir Peter Denis, who so nobly distinguished himself in the capture of Le Raisonable, and in the defeat of Confians. The Bellona afterwards took the Courageux.

His

His Aldermen were plac'd around,
 Their brows with spreading antlers crown'd,
 (So city spouses shd be found)
 The lovely May'ress by his side
 Sat like a plump High-German bride,
 Not less for fat renown'd, than pride.

Happy, happy, happy May'r !
 None but the fat,
 None but the fat,
 None but the fat deserve the bouncing fair.

II.

The bard of FERNEY plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the wooden lyre :
 The notes, tho' lame, ascend as high
 As civic joys require.

The song began from GARRICK's toil,
 Who left his LITCHFIELD's native soil,
 (Such were his hopes of golden spoil,)
 King RICHARD's crooked form bely'd the man :
 Sublime on high-heel'd shoes he trod,
 When first he courted Lady ANNE
 In GOODMAN's-FIELDS, till then an unfrequented
 road.
 As HASTINGS next round PRITCHARD's waist
 he curl'd,
 Or shew'd, in DRUGGER's rags, an idiot to the
 world.

The

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present SHAKESPEARE, loud they shout around :
 A present SHAKESPEARE, loud the rafter'd halls
 rebound.

With prick'd up ears
 His May'rship hears ;
 Assumes the play'r,
 Affects to stare,

And shakes the room about his ears.

III.

The praise of ven'son, then, the rapt enthusiast sung :
 Of ven'son, whether old or young :

The jolly haunch in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 It shews its currant-jelly'd face :

Now give each feeder breath : It comes, it comes ;

Ven'son, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys can best reveal ;

Fat of ven'son is a treasure,
 Eating is the glutton's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet as stuffing is with veal.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the May'r grew vain ;

Eat all his custards o'er again ;

And thrice he pick'd the bones of geese and turkies
 slain.

The

The poet saw his stomach rise,
 His wat'ring mouth, his longing eyes ;
 And while he necks and fides defy'd,
 Chang'd his note, and check'd his pride.

He chose a TYBURN muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He fung the deer-stealer's untimely fate

By laws severe, tho' good,

Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,

Swinging in too high a state,

For spilling sylvan blood.

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former thefts had fed,

Expos'd, e'en near his native town,

With not a friend to cut him down.

With joyless looks the May'r dejected fate,

Tho' still revolving in his soul

The various turns of spits below ;

And now and then a backward sigh he stole,

While streams Paetolian fought their vent, to
 flow.

V.

The bard of FERNEY smil'd to see

That sleep was in the next degree :

'Twas but a drowsy strain to keep,

For nurses talk their babes asleep.

Gently dull, in hum-drum numbers,

Thus he sooth'd his soul to slumbers ;

Picking

Picking bones is toil and trouble,
 Syllabub an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Eating, still the substance missing :
 Think, if fat be worth thy winning,
 Thy wife is surely worth the kissing :
 Both wife and ven' son see besides thee !
 Take what fare thy cook provides thee !

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Sleep was crown'd, tho' FERNEY won the cause.

The May'r, scarce able to keep ope his eyes,
 Peep'd at the food,
 That warm'd his blood,
 And lick'd his lips, and lick'd his lips ;
 And lick'd his lips, (to stir in vain he tries :)
 At length, as funk in Sleep's soft arms he stretches,
 The snorting magistrate b——t his breeches.

VI.

Now strike the falt-box once again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :—
 Break the bands of sleep asunder,
 With noise more frequent than his postern
 thunder !
 Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 Tho' as heavy as lead,
 And he stares and stinks around !

Revenge,

Revenge, revenge, dread FERNEY cries,

See the critics arise !

See the volumes they rear

Only fit to curl hair,

'Tho' each hop'd for an editor's prize !

Behold the snarling band,

Each with a farthing candle in his hand !

Those are critical ghosts who for SHAKESPEARE
were slain,

And unburied remain

On stalls in Clare-court, Drury-lane.

Give the fun'rals due

To the wretched crew ;

Behold how they toss their noses on high !

Bid them seek CLOACINA's abode,

Congenial temples for such hostile gods !

The company, pleas'd such expedient was hit on,

The May'r snatch'd up CAPEL's edition to sh—t on ;

His wife the door unbarr'd,

To light him to the yard,

As H—l—y held the link that sing'd the fam'd
North Briton.

Let GARRICK yield our May'r the prize,

Or both divide the crown :

This, rais'd an author to the skies :

That, threw his critics down.

A B O N

A BON MOT,

ON A LADY'S WEDDING BEING ON THE TWENTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

BY MR. VAUGHAN.

Return'd from the op'r'n, as lately I sat,
 Indiff'rently chatting of this thing and that,
 My Chloe I ask'd how it enter'd her head,
 To fix on St. Thomas, of all days to wed?
 To which she replied, with reason the strongest,
 " Tho' shortest the day is—*the night, Sir, is longest.*"

THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES WILL
 APPEAR IN THE UNDER-MENTIONED DRESSES,
 AND CHARACTERS, AT THE SUBSCRIPTION MAS-
 QUERADE, AT MRS. CORNELLY'S.

HIS M—y in a child's frock and bib, followed
 by L—d N—, in the habit of an old woman, hold-
 ing him in leading-strings.

The Q—, Ceres with a cornucopia.

The D— of Gl—r, in the character of Benedict
 the married man.

The D— of Cum—d, in the character of Paris.

The P—s D—r of W—es, the witch of Endor.

VOL. V. C. The

The D— of North—d, in Trappolin, in Duke
and no Duke.

The Duchefs, an ale-wife.

Five of the Maids of Honour, representing the pa-
rable of the five foolish virgins, carrying the lamps
without oil.

Miss Van—t, in the character of one of the
wife virgins.

L—y Wald—e, in the character of the Island
Princess.

The D—e of Gr—n, a Newmarket Jockey.

L—y Har — n, Messalina.

L—d Lig—r, an old satyr.

Mr. F—x, Sir John Falstaff.

L—d Har—g—n, an Alderman with a pair of
horns in his pocket.

L—d W—y—th, in the character of a butcher.

L—y Har—t Stan—e, Susannah.

L—d Mar—h, following her, in the character of
one of the Elders.

L—d Car—le, the prodigal son.

L—d Tal—t, in the character of the starved cook
in the Miser.

L—d Hert—d, Rembrandt's Gold-weigher.

L—d Per—y, the God Priapus.

Sir F—r Nor—n, the devil.

Mr. Rig—y, a drunken Bacchanal.

Mr.

Mr. Ver-n, in the character of Fortune, in a robe
of cards, a chain of dice about his neck, and a large
box on his head.

D— of D—, a bear in a chain.

Col. Lut-l, a prize-fighter.

V E R S E S

SENT BY A GENTLEMAN TO HIS LADY, WITH A
PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A Knife, dear Girl, cuts Love they say—
Mere modish Love, perhaps it may ;
For any tool of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The Knife that cuts *our* Love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do :
Must cut your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level your's with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, fight, for ever ;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A Summer ;—and a short one too :

All that affection feels, and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the herd,
If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—‘cut and come again,’

A GENTLEMAN, ON THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF
HIS WEDDING-DAY, PRESENTED HIS WIFE WITH
A RING, AND THE FOLLOWING LINES.

BY THE SAME.

“THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed,”
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring!—“For what?”
“ To wed thee o'er again,—why not?”—

With the FIRST ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Intelligence, and Truth;
Taste long admir'd, Sense long rever'd:
And all my MOLLY THEN appear'd.

If

If she, by merit since disclos'd,
 Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
 I plead that double merit now,
 To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
 With ardour as intense and pure,
 As when amidst the rites divine
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
 A token and a pledge I bring ;
 With this I wed, till Death us part,
 Thy riper virtues to my heart ;
 These virtues, which, before untry'd,
 The wife has added to the bride ;
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
 Endearing Wedlock's very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,
 For Conscience sake, as well as Love's.

For why ?—They shew me hour by hour
 Honour's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
 Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence ;
 And teach me all things—but Repentance !

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL LINES WERE WRITTEN BY A LADY, ON OBSERVING SOME WHITE HAIRS ON HER HUSBAND'S HEAD.

THOU to whose power reluctantly we bend,
 Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time,
 Alike the dread of lover, and of friend,
 Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime ?
 Already twining 'midst my Thyrfis' hair,
 The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Thro' all her forms, tho' nature owns thy sway,
 That boasted sway thou'l here exert in vain ;
 To the last beam of life's declining day,
 Thyrfis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.
 Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm,
 Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant, when from that lip of crimson glow,
 Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly ;
 When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
 And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye ;
 When ruthless age disperses ev'ry grace,
 Each smile that beams from that enchanting face—

Then,

Then, thro' her stores, shall active Memory rove,
 Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
 And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love,
 Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view ;
 Still shall he triumph, with resistless power,
 Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

T H E F R A N T I C L O V E R.

— *Aestuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et Furiis agitatus amor. —

AND shall then another embrace thee, my fair ?
 Must envy still add to the pangs of despair ?
 Shall I live to behold the reciprocal bles ?
 Death, death is a refuge, Elysium to this !

The star of the evening now bids thee retire,—
 Accurs'd be its orb, and extinguish'd its fire !
 For it shews me my rival prepar'd to invade
 Those charms which at once I admit'd and obey'd.

Far off each forbidding incumbrance is thrown,
 And, Sally, thy beauties no more are thy own ;
 Thy coyness too flies, as love brings to thy view
 A trance more extatic than saint ever knew.

And yet I behold thee, tho' longing to die,
 Approach the new heav'n with a tear and a sigh ;
 For oh ! the fond figh 'midst enjoyment will stray,
 And a tear is the tribute which rapture must pay.

Still, still dost thou tremble that pleasure to seek,
 Which pants in thy bosom, and glows on thy cheek ;
 Confusion and shame thy soft wishes destroy,
 And terror cuts off the weak blossom of joy.

Ah ! had I been blest with thy beauty, my fair,
 With fondest attention, with delicate care,
 My heart would have try'd all thy fears to remove,
 And pluck'd every thorn from the roses of love !

My insolent rival, more proud of his right,
 Contemns the sweet office, that soul of delight !
 Less tender, he seizes thy lips as his prey,
 And all thy dear limbs the rough summons obey.

Ev'n now more licentious—rash mortal forbear !—
 Restraine him, O Venus ! let him too despair !—
 Freeze, freeze the swift streams which now hurry to
 join,
 And curse him with passions unsated like mine !

How

How weak is my rage his fierce joy to controul !
 A kiss from thy sweet lips shoots life to his soul ;
 Thy frost too dissolv'd in one current is run,
 And all thy keen feelings are blended in one.

Thy limbs from his limbs a new warmth shall a-
 quire,
 His passions from thine shall redouble their fire ;
 Till wreck'd and o'erwhelm'd in the storm of delight,
 Thine ears lose their hearing, thine eyes lose their
 sight.

Here conquest must pause (tho' it ne'er can be cloy'd)
 To view the rich plund' of beauty enjoy'd ;
 The tresses dishevell'd, the bosom display'd,
 And the wishes of years in a moment repaid.

A thousand soft thoughts in thy fancy combine !
 A thousand wild horrors assemble in mine !
 Relieve me, kind death ! shut the scene from my
 view,
 And save me, O save me, ere madness ensue !

V E R S E S

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A NEW EDITION OF
SHAKESPEARE.

ACCEPT, sweet maid, each scene that *Shakespeare*
drew,
Scenes, whose great lessons may improve ev'n you !

Tempest.

Behold your image in his *Tempest* shewn,
For sure *Miranda's* spotless mind's your own !—

Gentlemen of Verona.

Let false *Verona's* rake your anger move,
But spare his friend, who boasts a constant love.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

To check your mirth though prudish matrons try,
With *Mistress Ford* in harmless frolics vie.

Measure for Measure.

Like *Isabel*, on virtue found your pleasure ;
“ Quit like with like, give *Measure* still for *Mea-*
sure.”

Comedy of Errors.

With *Adriana's*, be your rage suppress'd,
For life's a scene of *Errors* at the best.

Much

Much ado about Nothing.

From Claudio's scorn, and injur'd Hero's blame,
Learn what small slips o'erturn a woman's fame.

Love's Labour Lost.

To try their temper, lovers sometimes roast
Like Rosaline, whose Labour was not Lost.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Like Hermia, rather from a parent part,
Than yield your person, and withhold your heart,

Merchant of Venice.

Wife Portia's caskets, ere you wed, employ ;
Who chuse for riches, ne'er will give you joy :

As You Like It.

And when your point, like Rosalind, you've carry'd,
Strive not to wear the breeches when you're marry'd.

Taming the Shrew.

Still Kath'rine's conquer'd passions keep in view,
Ere some Petruchio comes to Tame a Shrew ;

All's Well that Ends Well.

And when your Graces have a Bertram warm'd,
Think no bad husband is a rake reform'd.

Twelfth Night.

When *Belch*, or *Ague-cheek* for love applies,
Detest the drunkard, and the fool despise.

Winter's Tale.

Ne'er of your husband's friend too fond appear;
Leontes' jealousy may else be near.

Macbeth.

And lest ambition blast your peaceful life,
Behold the end of *Cawdor*'s guilty wife.

King John.

Of love maternal mark the influence mild,
When widow'd *Constance* weeps her murder'd child.

King Richard II.

Through changing fortunes let thy faith be seen,
A bright example shines in *Richard*'s Queen.

King Henry IV. 2 parts.

And, if a soldier you should chance to marry,
Know, while he's absent, you at home must tarry.

King Henry V.

Like t'other *Kate*, no fault'ring lover blame;
Half French; half English, honest love's the same.

King

King Henry VI. 3 parts.

O'er pious *Henry*, sorrow's tribute pay—
But make your husband *ke*s as well as *pray*;

King Richard III.

Yet clasp no statesman, *Glo'ster* like, too close,
Soon cloy'd, they'll give poor lady *Em*a dose;

King Henry VIII.

And know, like *Bullen*, should you match above you,
The great may marry—but not long will love you.

Coriolanus.

No patriot *Marcus* take, their faith's but brittle,
They love their country much—their wives but little.

Julius Caesar.

To *Portia*'s actions, all but one, aspire—
For what is drinking drams but swallowing fire?

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Hate spendthrift *Antonies*, who cram the fair,
And make them drink the pearls they'd rather wear.

Timon.

To no grave *Timon* be your favour shewn,
He ne'er can love your sex who hates his own.

T. AND

T. Andronicus.

No cook, like *Andronicus*, deign to try,
Whose great ambition soars to raise—a pye.

T. and Cressida.

Nor e'er like *Cressid*, wanton girl, be led
By some old *pander* to a lawless bed.

Cymbeline.

Accept no *Poffbumus* content to roam ;—
Such, send their spies to tempt a wife at home.

King Lear.

Your dearest children's wav'ring duty fear,
Nor give up all your wealth like beggar'd *Lear* ;

Romeo and Juliet.

But let some *Romeo* that soft nature move,
Mix with thy soul, and yield thee love for love.

Hamlet.

In each rude *Hamlet*'s bosom scorn a part,
Whose only triumph is to break your heart :

Othello.

And all black husbands—they're enough to fright
one ;
May *Zara* long live happy with a white one !

THE FOLLOWING COPY OF VERSES ARE TO BE
SEEN ON A SMALL COTTAGE, OR BUILDING, IN
THE RUSTIC TASTE, INTENDED AS A PLACE OF
RETIREMENT, BUILT BY —— POWIS, ESQ,
IN A GROVE BY THE RIVER BEVERN, ABOUT A
MILE FROM LITTLE WALCOT, IN THE COUNTY
OF SALOP.

STAY passenger, and tho' within,
Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
To strike thy dazzl'd eye,
Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold will never buy.

Within this solitary cell,
Calm Thought and sweet Contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere :
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd her mansion here.

ELEGY,

■ L ■ E ■ G ■ Y,

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BYNG.

Fatal viceitude!

WAS it for this that fortune grac'd thy birth,
 Bestow'd thee titled honour, pomp, and place,
 And pointed out the way that led to worth,
 To make thy death conspicuously base?

Grant me, just heavens! to breathe in desert air,
 And mourn my days in solitude forlorn,
 Rather than seat me in Ambition's chair,
 If I must live and die my country's scorn.

Yet from the smallest to the greatest crimes,
 Some little share of gentle pity's due:
 Britons! if 'tis withheld in other climes,
 The poor offender claims the debt from you.

'Tis your's to follow radiant truth, to poise
 The scales of justice with an even hand:
 But then 'tis great, 'tis just to sympathize—
 Else wherefore breathe ye in a christian land?

Since

Since he has paid the forfeit of the laws,
 Indulge his friends the tribute of a sigh ;
 It will not wrong a suff'ring nation's cause ;
 Heav'n loves the drop that gush from Pity's eye.

No longer let Revenge pursue its blow,
 Nor Scandal strive his mem'ry to degrade ;
 Let deep Oblivion bury all his wo,
 And o'er his foibles spread her friendly shade.

Oh ! then (if ye can grant a boon so great)
 Forgive the muse, if o'er his mould'ring bier,
 In kind condolence for his hapless fate,
 She gen'rous drops the sympathetic tear.

But if, emerging forth from Time's dark womb,
 Truth should exculpate his inglorious name ;
 Will not each Briton reverence his tomb,
 And future bards immortalize his fame ?

Thy foes must own, and while they own, admire,
 O Byng ! thy calm composure at thine end ;
 Too late (thou victim to thy country's ire)
 Unbias'd Reason shews herself thy friend.

BENEVOLUS.

3 M 2

IMITATION OF THE 9TH ODE OF THE 4TH BOOK
OF HORACE.

TO A FRIEND.

THO' born where Devon's hills arise,
Where tempests sweep along the skies,
And spoil the face of day :
Yet shall this verse in future times
Be read with those of happier climes,
Climes where the muses stray.

Tho' Milton's brows with bays we twine,
And style him wonderful ! divine !
Th' immortal ! and the bard !
Yet Pope, with ev'ry grace replete,
In sense, and harmony complete,
Still claims our just regard.

Still Dryden's nervous numbers charm
Equal, majestic ; full, and warm,
He bears his fire along :
By turns the various verse he tries,
And bids each passion fall or rise,
Just as he shifts the song.

Nor

Nor even Waller we disdain,
 Nor Cowley's penfive, moral strain,
 Nor Shakespeare's magic art ;
 Shakespeare, like Sophocles, sublime,
 Subdues the soul, in spite of time,
 And searches ev'ry heart !

Sedley, tho' loose, and light as air,
 Still chears the gay, and fires the fair,
 So free his fancy roves !
 Behn breathes her love-sighs still around,
 Still from her harp the notes resound,
 Soft as the down of doves.

Nor gentle Rosamond alone,
 Admir'd the tinsel of a throne,
 Or felt th' enliv'ning glow :
 Nor first the desp'rare Henry made
 The pointed pike a palisade,
 To stop th' impetuous foe.

Britain had felt the hand of war,
 Before she saw the Julian star,
 Within her regions rise :
 Brave Caractacus did no more,
 Than many men had done before,
 To win bright honour's prize.

Before

Before bold Bonduca became,
 Th' avenger of a daughter's fame,
 The scourge of lawless lust :
 Before great Alfred wore the crown,
 Liv'd others of as much renown,
 As noble, wise, and just.

But all in sad oblivion sleep ;
 No muse had they their worth to weep,
 Or to record their lot :
 In vain they fought, in vain they bled ;
 Their names unsung, their acts unread,
 They died, and are forgot.

Vice fares like virtue in the grave ;
 The master there is like the slave ;
 No characters remain :
 No marks of all the sons of men,
 Unless sage History lends her pen,
 Or Poetry her strain.

Then let me not leave thee to lie
 In silence and obscurity,
 My patron, and my friend !
 But let the God of Verse inspire
 My bosom now with all his fire,
 Thy worth to recommend !

With

With steady head, with tender heart,
 With conduct void of fraud or art,
 With temper firm and free,
 You seem in ev'ry scene the same,
 Nor fortune court, nor fortune blame,
 But judge as ought to be,

Discerning, uncorrupt, and bold,
 Unaw'd by power, unhurt by gold,
 That tamer of the mind :
 Deceitful av'rice shall no more
 Ensnare the rich, or crush the poor,
 While you befriend mankind.

Nor yet for once you act aright,
 Or steal like meteors, on the fight,
 That glare, and pass away :
 But constant, equal, good, and true,
 You charm alike at ev'ry view,
 And charm alike each day.

Humanity shall boast her son,
 Shall tell the triumphs he has won,
 The wretched he has blest :
 Shall tell how oft the lenient care
 Hath sooth'd the terrors of despair,
 And set the soul at rest.

Should

Should Fortune from her flowing hand
 Increase your wealth, enrich your land,
 And pour her gifts profuse :
 Absurd 'twould be if we should call
 You happy, tho' possess'd of all,
 Without a will to use.

He only feels the joy sincere
 Who acts with moderation here,
 Unsway'd by love or hate ;
 Who wisely uses what is giv'n ;
 Or bravely bears the will of heav'n :
 Refign'd in ev'ry state.

Who dreads not death so much as shame ;
 Who stands unfully'd in his fame ;
 Uncheck'd in virtue's race :
 Such, such a one is not afraid
 To perish in his country's aid,
 Or share his friend's disgrace.

THE FOLLOWING IS A COPY OF THE EPITAPH
 WHICH DR. FRANKLIN WROTE FOR HIMSELF,
 SOME YEARS AGO.

The Body of
 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
 Boston, Printer;

like

like the Cover of an old Book,
 its Contents torn out,
 and stript of its lettering and gilding,
 lies here,
 food for worms;
 yet the Work itself will not be lost,
 for it shall
 (as he believed)
 appear once more,
 in a new and beautiful Edition,
 revised, and corrected,
 by the AUTHOR.

AN EPIGRAM, ON SEEING LADY A—R'S PICTURE.

WHEN her dear Portrait was to A—r shewn,
 Adorn'd with charms and beauty—not her own!
 Where Reynolds pitying nature, kindly made
 Such lips! such eyes! as A—r never had.
 “ Ye Gods!” she cries, in extacy of heart,
 “ How near may nature be exprest by art!
 “ Well—it is wond'rous like!—nay, let me die,
 “ My very pouting lip!—and killing eye!” 
 —Sincere and blunt, as Manly in the play,
 Her Lord replies—“ Like, Madam, did you say?
 “ The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
 “ The Portrait's painted, love—and so are you!

KITTY CARMINE.

THE

THE MONKIES.

TO OUR MODERN BEAUX.

WHOEVER with curious eye has rang'd
 Through Ovid's tales, has seen,
 How Jove, incens'd, to monkies chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant, soon th' offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r ;
 But th' other half he bade the wind
 Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the Thunderer giv'n the nod,
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread ;
 The tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from their head.

The

The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face ;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

The hollow cheeks began to fill,
 Yet meagre look'd and wan ;
 The mouth incessant chatter'd still,
 But mock'd the voice of man.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place,
 (Restoring them their ancient claim)
 Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow :
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And called the thing BEAU.

E P I G R A M.

I HAVE lost my mistress, horse, and wife,
 And when I think on human life,
 Cry mercy 'twas no worse.
 My mistress sickly, poor and old,
 My wife damn'd ugly, and a scold,
 I am sorry for my horse.

T O C L A R A.

DEAR thoughtless *Clara*, to my verse attend,
 Believe for once thy lover and thy friend,
 Heav'n to each sex has various gifts assign'd,
 And shewn an equal care of human kind ;
 Strength does to man's imperial race belong,
 To your's that beauty which subdues the strong.
 But as our strength, when misapply'd is lost,
 And what should save, urges our ruin most :
 Just so, when beauty prostituted lies,
 Of bawds the prey, of rakes th' abandon'd prize ;
 Women no more their empire can maintain,
 Nor hope, vile slaves of lust, by love to reign.
 Superior charms but make their case the worse ;
 When what was meant their blessing, proves their
 curse.

O nymph ! that might, reclin'd on *Cupid*'s breast,
 Like *Psyche* sooth the god of love to rest :
 Or, if ambition mov'd thee, *Jove* enthral,
 Brandish his thunder, and direct its fall ;
 Survey thyself, contemplate ev'ry grace
 Of that sweet form, of that angelic face.
 Then *Clara* say, were those delicious charms
 Meant for lewd brothels, and rude ruffians arms ?
 No, *Clara*, no ; that person, and that mind,
 Were form'd by nature, and by heav'n design'd

For

For nobler ends ; to these return, tho' late,
 Return to these, and so redress thy fate.
 Think, *Clara*, think, (nor will that thought be vain)
 Thy slave, thy *Harry*, doom'd to drag his chain
 Of love, ill-treated and abus'd, that he
 From more inglorious chains might rescue thee ;
 Thy drooping health restor'd by his fond cares,
 Once more thy beauty its full lustre wears.
 Mov'd by his love, by his example taught,
 Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
 With kind and generous truth thy bosom warm,
 And thy far mind, like thy fair person, charm.

To virtue thus, and to thyself restor'd,
 By all admir'd, by one alone ador'd,
 Be to thy *Harry* ever kind and true,
 And live for him, who more than dy'd for you.

M A X I M.

GENTLE manners, virtuous life,
 Make easy husbands, happy wives.
 These are the only means we know,
 To make a little heav'n below.

E C O N T R A.

Angry manners, vicious lives,
 Make wretched husbands, cursed wives.

D 2

And

And hence such evils take their birth,
And make a little hell on earth.

I D E M.

Two easy things will satisfy mankind,
An easy fortune and an easy mind :
But the one thing that gives a man content,
Is a good conscience, from a life well spent.

E P I G R A M.

I Tell thee, dear girl, and believe me 'tis true,
I never beheld such a creature as you.
Such wit ! and such beauty !—such state and such
pride !
Thou ne'er had'st an equal since Jezebel died.
Fine shape, and fine face, with a simper so thievish !
Yet artful, deceitful, ill-natur'd, and peevish.
God moulded thy face, but the devil thy heart ;
What a pity the devil should spoil the best part !

N O N P A R I E L.

WHEN Shakespeare died he left behind,
No mortal of an equal mind.
When Garrick play'd he liv'd again,
Unrival'd 'mongst the sons of men.,

But

But Garrick dies ! and (mark the sequel)
The world will never see their equal.

W. O.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

BY JOHN KENT, ESQ.

THE Cupids that rejoic'd to lie
In Cælia's soul-enchanting eye,
Perceiv'd th' inestimable tear,
Upon the sparkling ball appear :
Sudden they rose, by magic art
To drive it backward to the heart ;
In vain—along the cheek it glides,
And near the beauteous bosom hides.

Thither to search they quick repair,
And, wond'ring find a Venus there.

" Mine is the prize," the goddess said,

" And here, in honour to the maid,

" Around this captivating space

" A magazine of arrows place ;

" And frequent from the fatal blow

" Th' unerring shafts be sure to throw,

" Till in a ONCE UNRUFFLED breast,

" To pain and please they *deeply* rest.

" From nat'r al wounds thus miracles arise,

" And whilst the *friend* exists, the lover dies."

AN EPIGRAM ON MISS ELEANOR AMBROSE, A CELEBRATED BEAUTY IN DUBLIN.

BY THE LATE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

IN *Flavia's* eyes is every grace,
 She's handsome as she cou'd be ;
 With *Jacob's* beauty in her face,
 And *Esau's* where it shou'd be.

AN ANSWER.

FLAVIA's a name a deal too free
 With holy writ to blend her ;
 Henceforth let *Nell Susanna* be,
 And *Chesterfield* the Elder.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

WISE was the man, with emblematic hand,
 Who first on this transparent plate of sand
 The name of woman, nature's fairest queen,
 Display'd, engraven with the diamond keen :
 Well knew he, that the glass and jewel join'd,
 Were truest emblems of her face and mind.
 In bounteous woman, for from woman flows
 The source of ev'ry blessing life bestows,

A thou-

A thousand charms, a thousand faults unite,
As frail as glass, tho' as the diamond bright.

T. H. I.

A N E P I G R A M.

SAYS a beau to a lady—pray name, if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.
The lady replied — if you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man, that's the most unlike you.

HILARY TERM, 1766. P VERSUS C, IN THE
COMMON-PLEAS.

TWO ministers in the republic of letters,
Had a quarrel, as oft is the case of their betters ;
They did not, like mortals, decide it with swords,
But rested their cause on the power of words.
'Squire P was the Plaintiff, lady C the defendant,
The Point of Precedence the Cause then dependant ;
And I was appointed the Judge, I assure ye ;
One-and twenty remain'd, * which made up the
Grand Jury.
All matters adjusted, at length came the day,
When 'Squire P thus Politely ProPounded his Plea :

* Of the alphabet.

D. 4

That

That I ever was found in Contention till now
 My bitterest enemy dare not avow :
 If of this my opponent be equally Clear,
 May hereafter at large, and more fully appear.
 When the kingdom of letters first appear'd on the
 stage,

By some supposed Prior to the fam'd golden age,
 I then was appointed to, indeed, a low station,
 But rested well Pleas'd with the good of the nation :
 The Post then assign'd me I've held to this day,
 And fill'd it with honour, I'll venture to say.
 And here let me hope that it will not displease,
 In so weighty a matter, if I sound my own Praise :
 Had I ever desisted or quitted my Post,
 Must not every thing Precious straightway have been
 lost ;

Would your Parliament, Privilege, Property, Power,
 Depriv'd of my aid, subsist for one hour ?
 Your Peers and your People depend upon me,
 And a Prince is no Prince if depriv'd of a P.
 Thus true to my trust, I Performed my duty,
 And no one will say that I have not been true t'you.
 But now to the subject of this day's debate——
 A new member has lately Crept into the state,
 And takes way of the most of the Primæval letters,*
 Tho' their ages *alone* will prove 'em her betters :

* Lady C holds the third place in the alphabet.

An upstart she is, no one knows whence she came,
 Nor Hebrews, nor Greeks * ever heard of her name.
 Uninvited she comes, none her aid did implore,
 We may want it as well as for ages before :
 'Twere easy to prove beyond disputation,
 She's unfit to reside in a Civiliz'd nation ;
 Of ev'ry Cabal she's the first grand promoter,
 No Capital Crimes are Committed without her.
 But I trespass too long, so with humble submission,
 To this worshipful bench I Prefer this Petition ; —
 That this new lady C, who appear'd but of late,
 Be from henceforth for ever expell'd from our state ;
 Or if you're dispos'd to shew Pity unto her,
 And Continue her still, let her sit next the door ;
 At least, let her sit on a seat below me,
 And always give Place to Petitioner P.

Lady C now arose, and with deliberation,
 Thus strovē to Confute this grand accusation.

I shall not begin, as is done now-a-days,
 To Pulpit in Public my own Private Praise ;
 Nor shall Passion Provoke me to serve my own ends,
 By Proclaiming aloud the faults of my friends.
 I'm accus'd to this Court as an upstart intruder,
 Uninvited, unwanted, and what is still ruder, —

* There is no letter C in the Greek or Hebrew

**Of Capital Crimes, Cabals, and what not ;
Tho' this Court are all Conscious I was ne'er in a
Plot.**

**Of a bill of exclusion I'm no way afraid,
For there's none of you all but at times want my aid.
And as to degrading, I humbly submit,
To whatever this worshipful Court shall think fit :
Yet I hope you'll Confirm me in the seat that I sit on :
My rank is still higher * at the Court of Great-Bri-
tain :**

**There unrival'd I stand, and give place unto none
But the Monarch (God bless him) who sits on the
throne.**

**Tho' thus highly exalted, to all I appeal,
If by Pride I e'er injur'd our great Commonweal ;
To which of you have I Precedence deny'd,
For the good of the Public was always my guide.
I march in the front when the Case demands Care,
In dang'rous emergenCe I'm seen in the rear :
To none of you all was my aid e'er refus'd,
Not even to him by whom I'm accus'd :
The Perfection he boasts of, whate'er his Conceit,
Without my ConCurrenCe Can ne'er be Compleat :
But to you, Conscript fathers, my Cause I Com-
mend —**

Then Curtsey'd Compos'dly, and so made an end.

* Charlotte, Queen.

Both

Both Parties were now order'd out of the Place,
 Till the judge and the jury Consider'd the Case ;
 True statesmen they were ; the Chief Point in debate
 Was to end the dispute without hurting the state.

After Pros and Cons many, rose W the sage,
 For Wisdom and Worth the delight of the age ;
 And mov'd that 'squire P should withdraw his Peti-
 tion,
 And join lady C in a new Coalition :
 That all former quarrels be now laid aside,
 And the Parties advis'd to be closely ally'd :
 That the benefits which from this union would
 spring,
 Must make it to all a desireable thing.

To this Prudent motion the assembly agree,
 And the Parties being Call'd, they are told the de-
 cree.

They both by their looks appear well content ;
 So P made proposals, and C gave Consent.

Thus ended at length this troublesome Cause,
 And thro' the whole Court rung a burz of applause ;
 The genius of letters stood invisibly by,
 And joyfully help'd to make one in the Cry :
 " May the hands ne'er divide which this day have
 been Plighted,
 " May the P's and the C's be for ever united."

But here, lest the witlings mistake what I mean,
 And give to my lines a Construction obscene ;

Give me leave to explain them, and shew how they're
bit—

For C stands for *Chatham*, and P stands for *Pitt*.

O D E

AT THE ENCOENIA, HELD AT OXFORD, JULY 1773,
FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE RIGHT HON. FREDERIC LORD NORTH, CHANCELLOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY : WRITTEN BY DR. WHEELER,
PROFESSOR OF POETRY ; AND SET TO MUSIC
BY DR. HAYES.

R E C I T A T I V E.

DAUGHTERS of Beauty, who enraptur'd hail
The Virgin Quire, in that romantic vale
Where Iis down her green-enamel'd edge
Glides in soft eddies o'er the waving sedge ;
And Cherwell from his osier'd bed
Oft hears the fairies' printless tread,
When misty night with silent pace
Steals gradual o'er their circling chace :
And you, illustrious Chiefs, who glow
With ardour for your country's weal,
Yet, 'mid the call of patriot zeal,
At Phœbus' shrine with transport bow :

A 1 R.

A I R.

From busy scenes to these embower'd retreats
 Your step auspicious mitred Sheldon greets ;
 While Peace, attendant at her hallow'd fane,
 Parent of Science, swells your solemn train.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mark, where the fiend of War, on havock bent,
 Gigantic ranges o'er Moldavia's land,
 And Warsaw's sons, by fends remorseless rent,
 Reluctant own the Victor's stern command ! -
 Hesperia views the gathering cloud
 From Gallia rise, and lowering Spain ;
 While floating bulwarks with their thunders loud
 Affright the Naiads of th' Egean main.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Britannia sits inthron'd in awful state,
 Sole Arbitress setene ; " and what she wills, is
 Fate."

A I R.

Heroes in the ghastly fight
 Vainly vaunt atchievements brave ;
 Check, O check your lawless might !
 Valour conquers but to save.

Happies

Happier they, whom Wisdom's lore
 Prompts to frame the social plan ;
 Fraught with Science' richest store,
 Ill'd to bless and perfect man.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What martial sons, once proud of thy behest,
 O Rhedycina, blazon wide the page
 By Memory mark'd ! full many a royal guest
 Here mus'd attentive to the hoary sage.
 Lion-hearted Richard's spear
 Glitter'd first in * Beaumont's shade ;
 Here he couch'd his lance, and here
 Panted for the bold Crusade.
 Henry, † thunder-bolt of war,
 Here plann'd his hardiest deeds ; here learnt to wield
 His maiden sword, and hurl the massy bar ;
 Here grasp the mimic shield.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Enough, heroic souls, of cruel fight ;
 Forgive, if milder arms invite
 The grateful muse for social worth to twine
 The wreath of Honour snatch'd from Virtue's shrine.

* Near Worcester college ; once a seat of Henry II.

† Hen. V. educated at Queen's college.

S Y M P H O N Y.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Heard ye, while echoing from yon azure sphere
 Prophetic accents struck th' astonish'd ear ?

A I R.

I see the sovereign form descend,
 And wrapt in stole majestic, downward bend.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Britons, if aught ye boast of Cressy's field,

[A C C O M P A N I E D.]

Where many a crimson'd helm and batter'd shield,
 By delving plowmen turn'd, recalls the name
 Of Edward, high enroll'd by deathless Fame;

That praise be mine. But better far
 The peaceful fway, than spoils of savage war
 To Me, or Bolingbroke's undaunted son,
 On Poictou's tented plains by valour won.
 With crowded canvas wing'd, 'tis your's to sweep
 Golconda's shores, and darken all the deep.

A I R

A P R.

But stay, you bold advent'ress stay ;
 Nor, blithsome o'er the briny surge,
 With mad'ning speed misguided urge
 To pearly Ind' your heedless way.
 What boots it that my Edward led
 In Freedom's cause his eager van ;
 If you, relentless foes to man,
 O'er fruitful climes dire famine spread ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

Yet haply shall a Brunswick's rule benign,
 By sapience counsel'd, prune your daring wing,
 And distant tribes with haste configa
 Their wav'ring homage to a guardian King.
 Asia, no more thy guiltless natives mild,
 By ruthless hand despoil'd,
 Frantic their fabled Genii shall invoke
 With wizard rites, and curse their galling yoke.

A I R.

Ye chiefs, who near your liege's throne
 Attendant, hold the helm of state ;
 As Edward's tilting barons shone
 In royal Windsor's trophied gate ;

O think,

O think, while on your puissant thigh
 The mystic garter firm you bind,
 From that quaint badge what lessons high
 Reflecting warm each op'ning mind.
 The generous youths near Isis' stream,
 Who joyous hail a sovereign's choice,
 Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
 With rival ardour catch th' instructive themes,

RECITATIVE. [Accompanied.]

" Goodness, deck'd with g'ory, wide
 " Darts her lustre, heav'nly bright ;
 " Fame, to Virtue unall'y'd,
 " Shines—the meteor of a night."

C H O R U S.

The generous youths near Isis' stream,
 Who joyous hail a sovereign's choice,
 Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
 With rival ardour catch th' instructive themes.

O D E,

AS IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PERFORMED AT THE
 ENCOENIA HELD AT OXFORD, JULY 1773.

RECITATIVE.

SONS of Corruption, who obedient hail
 The Treasury Beach, in that frequented vale

Where

Where Thames in curling eddies gently glides,
 And W——ne has oft chang'd sides ;
 Where drunken watchmen in the street,
 Hear the prowling harlot's feet,
 When misty night with silent pace,
 Steals gradual o'er the wanton chace ;
 And you, degenerate Peers, who glow
 With ardour for the Privy Seal,
 Yet 'mid the call of venal zeal,
 At Dullness' shrine with reverence bow.

A I R.

From scenes at court, to these once learn'd retreats,
 Your steps auspicious Dr. W——r greets,
 While Sleep, attendant at her drowsy fane,
 Parent of ease, envelopes all your train.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mark where the Gold Coin Act, on havock bent,
 Gigantic rages over Britain's land ;
 And Liverymen by feuds internal rent,
 Reluctant own a T——d's stern command.
 M——r beholds the gathering cloud
 From S——h rise, and dreads the cost ;
 While cruel Juries, with their thunders loud,
 Affright the printer of each Evening Post.

REC'D.

R E C I T A T I V E.

See M——d fits enthron'd in dreadful state,
Sole arbiter supreme, "and what he wills is fate."

A I R.

" Scotchmen in St. George's fight,"
Vainly vaunt atchievements brave ;
Check, O check your lawless might,
Oh stop ! a father's darling save.
Happier W——s, whom Wisdom's lore
Prompts to frame th' avenging plan,
Fraught with Freedom's richest store,
Skill'd to save a finking land.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What sons regardless of thy wise behest,
O Rhedycina, now disgrace the age
By treach'ry mark'd ! full many a recreant guest
Here loung'd, regardless of the hoary sage.
Chicken-hearted N——h, they say,
Canted first in Beaumont's shade ;
Here he studied tricks to play,
Here his schemes for lotteries laid.
F——, the thunder-bolt of vice,
Here plann'd his hardiest deeds ; here learnt to shake
The rattling-box, to hurl the loaded dice,
And seize the forfeit stake.

R E C I T

RECITATIVE.

But hence, ye souls, abando'd ! quit my fight !

More generous noble deeds invite ;
Th' admiring muse for Patriot Wortht o twine,
The wreath of honour, snatch'd from Virtue's shrine,

SYMPHONY RECITATIVE.

Heard ye, while echoing from yon' azure sphere,
Prophetic accents struck th' astonish'd ear ?

A R.

I see the sovereign form descend,
And wrapt in stole majestic, downward bend.

RECITATIVE [Accompanied.]

Britons, if aught ye boast of Naseby's field,
Where many a crimson'd helm, and batter'd shield,
By delving plowmen turn'd, recalls the name
Of Cromwell, high enroll'd by deathless fame.

That praisè be mine ; and better far
Such glorious struggles, than a cruel war
On Caribbs wag'd, by Guildford's wily son,
On Vincent's burning plains, by treachery won.
With crowded canvas wing'd, 'tis your's to sweep
Golconda's shores, and darken all the deep.

A R.

A I R.

But stay, "ye bold usurpers," stay,
 Nor lawless o'er the briny surge,
 With impious speed rapacious urge,
 To charter'd Ind' your daring way.
 What boots it that my W——— led,
 Against despotic power, his eager van,
 If you, relentless foes to man,
 O'er every right your shackles spread ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

What ! shall a Br———k's rule benign,
 By traitors counsell'd, prune fair Freedom's
 wing,
 And distant tribes to N——— confign ?
 Is this the duty of a British — ?
 Afia, behold ! thy guiltless natives mild,
 By M———l hands despoil'd ;
 frantic their feeble Genii shall invoke
 With wizard rites, and curse "their galling yoke."

A I R.

Vipers, who near your liege's throne
 Attendant, seize the helm of state,
 (How different Edward's barons shone,
 In royal Windsor's trophied gate !)

Each

Each morn when around your thigh
 * The worsted garter close you bind,
 “ Think on a rope, and gallows high ;”
 † Let them sit heavy on each mind.
 The generous youths near Ifis’ stream,
 Who daily mourn their s——n’s choice,
 Crown’d by Rhedycina’s voice,
 With longing ardor hear the pleasing theme.

RECITATIVE [Accompanied.]

W——s, whom H——e so much bely’d,
 Will shine in English annals bright,
 At Tyburn N—— with halter ty’d,
 Soon will sink in endless night.

CHORUS.

The generous youths, near Ifis’ stream,
 Who daily mourn their s——n’s choice,
 Crown’d by Rhedycina’s voice,
 With longing ardour hear the pleasing theme.

* This must have been the poet’s original idea, for the Garter peculiar to the Order of St. George, is worn below the knee, and not “ round the puissant thigh.”

† Let me sit heavy on thy foul to-morrow.

Shakespeare’s Richard III.

A N

AN ODE ON A BACHELORS' MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE.

A PARODY ON DRYDEN'S ODE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feast for won degrees
By Alma Mater's darling sons of ease;

Aloft in elbow chair
Their President they rear
Omnipotently great :
The mirthful crew were plac'd around ;
Each easy face with careless pleasures crown'd,
Thus recent Bachelors are found :
Bacchus, dominion's second wand
(Bacchus and all went hand in hand)
Receiv'd ; and downward took his stand.

Happy, happy, free from care !

None but the gay,
None but the gay,
None but the gay such pleasures dare.

II.

Brisk waiters all around
Removing quick the crumbs,
With heels mercurial skim the ground :
The custards fly ; the bottles comes,
And heav'nly joy inspires.

The

The feast began from Love,
 Who leaving blissful seats above,
 Taught man immortal joys to prove :
 No fiery form the gods before ;
 No grim unnatural visor wore :
 She made great Jove Olympia's guest,
 And soon he sought her snowy breast ;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 There stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
 the world.
 Each ample goblet with a rose is crown'd :
 Sweet heav'n-born Venus loud, they shout around,
 Sweet heav'n-born Venus loud the roofs rebound,
 With raptur'd eyes
 Great Praes spies
 Each finish'd glafs,
 Each bottle pass,
 New gen'rous caskets rise.

III.

The praise of much-fam'd Punch great Bacchus sung ;
 Of Punch, all-pow'rful, stout, and strong :
 The foaming bowl in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Elate in silver Pride,
 High rolls his threat'ning tide ;
 Give each encount'r breath ; he comes, he comes !
 Vacuna, lov'd of all mankind.

Drinking

Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Freedom's blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the Graduates' pleasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Big with their present state the crew grows vain ;
 Burn their dry studied parchments o'er again,
 And thrice 'gainst rules and systems roar amain.

* The Father saw the madness rise,
 Their glowing cheeks, their ardent eyes ;
 And whilst they heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Shew'd his scroll, and check'd their pride.
 High by the President he fate
 Big with the list of fate :
 He fung a braggart vainly proud,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And humbled in the crowd;
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 All his boasted knowledge fled :
 Now on the second Tripos laid,
 No power could raise his burthen'd head.

* The Father is a College Officer, who attends the meeting, and acquaints them with their different degrees.

Vol. V.

E

With

With downcast looks the silenc'd vaunter fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The schemes on which he had been fed ;
 And now a curse in secret stole,
 And shook his empty head.

V.

The feeling father griev'd to see
 Bad luck brought to the next degree,
 He will'd the killing sound to check,
 And pity mov'd him thus to speak :
 Gently dull in lengthen'd numbers,
 Thus he sooth'd his soul to slumbers.
 Vainly dull are * sophish troubles :
 Honours are but empty bubbles ;
 Ceasing, soon as they're beginning,
 Study's all our ease destroying :
 Happier days thou hast been winning,
 Think, then think them worth enjoying.

The mighty bottle stands beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 But Bacchus could alone dissolve the cause.

The youth disdaining to reveal his pain,
 Plied hard the bowl

That eased his soul,

And fill'd and drank, fill'd and drank,
 Fill'd and drank, and fill'd again ;

* A Soph is a man who wants but one year of being a Bachelor.

At

**At length in seas of mighty liquors drown'd,
He droop'd his o'ercharg'd head, and kiss'd the
ground.**

VI.

**Produce the fatal scroll again :
But now produce a happier strain.
Salute the youth who sits beside him,
A* Wrangler's wreath the gods provide him.**

**Hark, hark, the envy'd found
Has rais'd up his head
Who so lately was dead,
And amazed he stares round.**

**Revenge, revenge, he trembling cries,
See the shatter'd glass flies ;
Hear his blasphemous prayers ;
Hear his threats—his despairs ;
See the sparkles that flash from his eyes !
Behold he rends his band,
Takes a glass in his hand—
This is his ghost, whom the Proctors had slain,
And whose † groats still remain
In clutches profane.**

* The twelve first Bachelors are called Wranglers.

† Every man, upon being admitted a member of the University, deposits 3s 4d. which is called his groats ; and if upon taking his degrees, he is found to be extremely ignorant, these groats are not returned.

Now ye valiant bands,
 Seize him—hold back his hands !
 Behold how he tosses the bottles on high,
 How he aims at whom Fortune had fed,
 And laurel'd temples of the Wrangler's head.
 The bowl's ample form he in vain strives to wield ;
 Stout Bacchus opposes his dazzling shield ;
 The way great Praeses led,
 To light him to his bed,
 Whilst six fam'd champions bear him off the field.

The following EPITAPH was inscribed by Lord ——— on a
 Marble Pillar erected to the Memory of a favourite ITALIAN
 GREYHOUND, which died at his Lordship's House in Town, and
 was sent down in a Marble Coffin, in a Hearse and six, to be in-
 terred in his Lordship's Park.

SISTE Viator !
 Nec mirare supremo efferri honore
 Extinctum Catulum.
 Sed qualem ! quem, forma insignis,
 Niveusque candor,
 Amor, obsequium, fides
 Domini delicias facere,
 Cujus lateri adhæfit
 Conviva assiduus, sociusque tori.

Illo

Illo comite, vis animi herilis delassata,
Ingenium, mentemque horam sumebat.

Istis pro meritis
Non ingratus herus
Marmoreâ hâc urnâ
Mortuum defiens locavit.

On another side of the Column was inscribed,

Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam.

The Clergyman of the Parish being offended that such Honour
should be paid to a Dog, wrote the following EPITAPH on a
different side of the Column, and inscribed it ——

R——T LORD ——— ON HIS DOG BOBTAIL.

I.

STAY, traveller, and see what's here
That makes this mighty bother;
An epitaph to make folks laugh,
Which one dog gives another.

II.

Two dogs there were, as doth appear,
Tho' this may seem an odd tale;
One's name was Bob, a witty dog,
The other's name was Bobtail.

III.

Together they did sport and play ;
 One bed, one house held either ;
 Great pity 'twas in such a case,
 They died not both together :

IV.

That men might say another day,
 Of these two dogs most civil —
 So Bobtail's gone to Cerberus down,
 But Bob's gone to the Devil.

V.

But kinder fate has chang'd their state,
 Bobtail has 'scap'd the halter,
 It mayn't be so with Bob, you know,
 Unless his manners alter.

VI.

Since M——h can a dog make man,
 Upon death's sad disaster ;
 My merry muse could not refuse
 To make a dog o'th' master.

VII.

And yet her song would be too long,
 Their virtues to sum up t' yes ;
 Since no man could ever tell
 Which was the greater puppy.

THE

THE DEATH OF CRUSO,

A N O D E,

ON THE MURDER OF MISS SMITH'S FAVORITE DOG.

'TWAS when the Gods, if such there are,
 That make the useful dog their care,
 To Fate confign'd their charge ;
 Poor Cruso, of the pointing kind,
 With nose sagacious snuff'd the wind,
 And rang'd the field at large.

His mistress, like the Empress Queen,*
 Whose thunder twice had shook the green,
 Whose light'ning twice had kill'd ;
 Once more recharg'd the nit'rous bed,
 With fatal bolts of rounded lead,
 With death her engine fill'd.

In act to fire like mighty Jove,
 Who grasps the forked shafts above,
 She stood and took her aim :
 Her faithful dog had mark'd the hare,
 But, O ! before she cry'd, beware,
 His evil genius came.

* The Empress of Russia, famous for the art of shooting.

In Fancy's eye confess'd he stood,
The owlet of some neighb'ring wood,
And thus with boding voice ;
Or take away your dog, he hoots,
Or straight this gun your fav'rite shoots,
So, Madam, make your choice.

She brav'd her foe with courage sound,
But soon, too soon, poor Cruso found
No pity from such birds :
'Iwas not the eagle, god-like fowl,
No bird of Jove, but S——e's owl,
That scream'd these dying words :

" By Minden's God, another Mars,
" By all his honours and his scars,
" I swear by his command :
" By him that owns this wide domain,
" I swear by mighty L——G——n,
" His awful Bird * I stand."

In Anna's shape Minerva came,
And wisely thus reply'd the dame :
" If S——e's owl you be,
" Know, offspring of another nest,
" The bird that sits upon my crest,
" Is Wisdom's type, not thee.

* The name of L——G——'s keeper.

" I know

" I know thy master too, she cry'd;
 " That c—— L—d thou hast bely'd,
 " In ev'ry flatt'ring note :
 " I heard it from the trump of fame,
 " Tho' riches now have chang'd his name,
 " D——r chang'd his coat."

Enrag'd, the angry bird of G—— ge,
 With fury made his piece disgorge
 The leaden food of death :
 Too close the shot-like bullet flew,
 And pierc'd the heart, as Gruso drew
 His last, but easy breath.

The after scene lies undescrib'd ;
 Apollo had the muses brib'd,
 To aid no poet then :
 Of Anna's griefs I fain would sing,
 But dare not pluck from Fancy's wing,
 An uninspired pen.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

THE CAPTIVATED BEE; OR, LITTLE FILCHER,

AS Julia once a flumb'ring lay,
 It chanc'd a bee did fly that way,
 (After a dew, or dew-like show'r)
 To tipple freely in a flow'r.

E. 5.

For

For some rich flower he took the lip
 Of Julia, and began to sip ;
 But, when he felt he suukt from thence
 Honey in the quintessence,
 He drank so much he scarce could stir ;
 So Julia took the pilferer.
 Being thus surpriz'd, (as filchers use)
 He thus began himself t' excuse :

Sweet Lady-flower ! I never brought
 Hither to you one thieving thought ;
 But taking those rare lips of your's
 For gay, fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
 I thought I there might take a taste,
 Where so much sweetness ran to waste.
 Besides, know this, I never sting
 The flower that gives me nourishing ;
 But with a kiss, or thanks, repay,
 The honey that I bear away.

This said, he laid his little *script*
 Of honey 'fore her Ladyship,
 And told her (as some tears did fall)
 That *that* he took, and *that* was all :
 At which she smil'd, and bade him go,
 And take his bag ; but thus much know,
 When next he came a pilfring so,
 He should from her full lips derive
 Honey enough to drown his wife.

{

AN

**AN INVENTORY OF DR. SWIFT'S GOODS, UPON
LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF M—.**

[Not printed in his Works.]

AN oaken broken elbow chair;
 A candle-cup without an ear;
 A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead;
 A box of deal without a lid;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
 A poor old poker without point;
 A pot that's crack'd across, around
 With an old knotted garter bound;
 An iron lock without a key;
 A wig with hanging quite grown grey;
 A pair of bellows without pipe;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe;
 A dish, which might good meat afford once;
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
 A bottle-bottom, wooden-platter
 (One for meal, and one for water.)
 There is, besides, a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
 A candlestick, a pan, and save-all,
 And thus his household goods you have all.
 These to his Lordship, as a friend,
 Till he has built, I'd recommend;
 They'd serve his Lordship for a shift,
 Why not, as well as Dr. Swift?

STANZAS WRITTEN TO OBLViate AN OBJECTION
TO AN ENGLISH LADY.

LOVE, thy vot'ry let me live,
I'll to thee devote my lay;
In the joys you only give
Let me laugh my time away.

Fairer than the Queen of Love,
Ever faithful, ever new,
Polly can to rapture move,
Can compel me to be true.

Let the rich have gold and care,
Pomp, and fear the proud obtain;
Let the hero madly dare,
And the learn'd be gravely vain.

Let them take the varied woe,
Pomp, or wealth, or fame, impart,
All beneath my feet I throw,
Holding Polly to my Heart.

The editor of Mr. Cawthorne's poems has omitted to insert, in his edition, the following copy of verses, which were prefixed to that gentleman's excellent poem of Abelard to Eloisa, on its original publication. The pamphlet from which these lines

Tunes are taken is become very scarce, and they
are too excellent to be lost; I beg therefore to see
them in the Fugitive Miscellany.

TO MISS ——, OF HORSEMANDEW, IN KENT.

WHEN Wit and Science trimm'd their wither'd
bays,

At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heav'n-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes Oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in Grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations g'ow'd from age to age;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her crest, Ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like Pity stream'd in every eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

O blest with temper, blest with skill to pour
Life's every comfort on each social hour;

Chaste

Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire;
To b end, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own !

These are thy honours, these wil charms supply,
When those dear suns shall set in either eye;
While she, who, fond of dress, of paint and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wife,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train :
Then finks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

**TO MR. ALLEN RAMSAY, UPON HIS PUBLISHING
HIS SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.**

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

**HAIL, Caledonian bard ! whose rural strains
Delight the lift'ning hills, and chear the plains !
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine ?**

Careless

Careless of censure, like the sun, shine forth,
 In native lustre, and intrinsic worth.
 To follow nature is by rules to write,
 She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
 From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,
 Both drudge in vain 'till she from heav'n inspire :
 By the same guide instructed how to soar,
 Allen is now what Homer was before.

Ye chosen youths ! who dare like him aspire,
 And touch with bolder hand the trembling lyre !
 Keep nature still in view ; on her intent,
 Climb by her aid the dang'rous steep ascent
 To lasting fame. Perhaps a little art
 Is needful, to plane o'er some rugged part ;]
 But the most labour'd elegance and care,
 T' arrive at full perfection must despair.
 Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
 Alas ! some venial sins will yet remain.
 Indulgence is to human frailty due,
 Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addison a few ;
 But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray,
 Are lost and vanish in the blaze of day.
 Tho' some intruding pimple find a place
 Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
 We still love on, with equal zeal adore,
 Nor think her less a goddess than before.
 Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,
 Heal'd by the balm of some good-natur'd friend.

In

In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail,
 While * Spence presides, and Candour holds the scale.
 His gen'rous breast, nor envy fours, nor spite,
 Taught by his † founder's motto how to write,
 Good manners guides his pen. Learn'd without
 pride,

In dubious points not forward to decide.
 If here and there uncommon beauties rise,
 From flow'r to flow'r he roves with glad surprise.
 In failings no malignant pleasure takes,
 Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes.
 No nauseous praise, no biting taunts offend,
 We expect a censor, and we find a friend.
 Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
 Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
 Strip'd of their rags shall like ‡ Ulysses shine,
 With more heroic port, and grace divine.
 No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,
 Can e'er atone for lost benevolence.
 May Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,
 And rival antient bards in writing well,

* Mr. Spence, Fellow of New College, in Oxford, and Poetry Professor, who published some very candid remarks on Mr. Pope's *Odyssey*.

† William of Wykeham, whose motto was, Manners maketh Man.

‡ Vide Homer Od. L. xxiv.

While

While from their bright examples taught they sing,
 And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
 From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
 Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart.

Such critics (Ramsay) jealous for our fame,
 Will not with malice insolently blame,
 But lur'd by praise the haggard muse reclaim. }
 Retouch each line 'till all is just and neat,
 A work of proper parts, a work almost compleat.

So when some beauteous dame, a reigning toast,
 The flow'r of Firth, and proud Edina's boast,
 Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
 In all her richest head-geer trimly clad,
 The curious hand-maid, with observant eye,
 Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry,
 Thro' ev'ry plait her busy fingers rove,
 And now she plys below, and then above,
 With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,
 Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,
 'Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,
 And * Homer's Juno was not half so fine.

* Vide Homer's Iliad, L. xiv.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND BY THE LATE WILLIAM HOGARTH, OCCASIONED BY THE PICTURE OF SIGISMUNDA BEING RETURNED ON HIS HANDS BY SIR R. GROSVENOR.

To your charge, the other day,
 About my picture and my pay,
 In metre I've a mind to try,
 One word by way of a reply :
 To risque, you'll own, 'twas most absurd,
 Such labour on a rich man's word ;
 To lose at least an hundred days
 Of certain gain, for doubtful praise ;
 Since living artists ne'er were paid ;
 But then you know it was agreed,
 I should be deem'd an artist dead,
 Like Raphael, Rubens, Guido, Rene ;
 This promise drew me fairly in,
 And having laid my pencil by,
 What painter was more dead than I ?
 But dead as Guido let me be,
 Then judge, my friend, 'twixt him and me.
 If merit crowns alike the piece, *
 What treason, to be like in price ?

* The picture on the same subject sold at a sale for four hundred pounds.

Because

Because no copy'd line you trace,
 No copy'd colouring, copy'd grace,
 The picture can't be right you're sure;
 But say, my critic connoisseur,
 Moves it the heart, as much or more,
 Than picture ever did before?
 This is the painter's truest test,
 And this Sir R——d's self confess.
 Nay, 'tis so moving, that the Knight
 Can't even bear it in his fight;
 Then who would tears so dearly buy,
 As give four hundred pounds to cry?
 I own he chose the prudent part,
 Rather to break his word than heart;
 And yet methinks 'tis ticklish dealing,
 With one so delicate—in feeling.

However, let the picture rust;
 Perhaps time's price-enhancing dust,
 As statues moulder into earth,
 When I'm no more, may mark its worth;
 And future connoisseurs may rise,
 Honest as ours, and full as wife,
 To puff the piece and painter too,
 And make me then what Guido's now.

THE

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

BY THE REV. J. LANGHORNE.

HAPPY the man, whose life's whole scene has laid,
 In the dear fields of his paternal home,
 Leans on his staff, where once a child he play'd,
 And counts long annals of one little dome.

He never, wand'ring, drank of streams unknown,
 Nor bore the toils of Fortune's various war :
 He hears no tempest's rage, no battle's groan,
 Nor the wild clamours of the wrangling bar.

Stranger to business, and the town, tho' near,
 O'er heav'n's clear vault he takes his visual range,
 Marks by its produce the revolving year,
 Its fruits and flowers, the consuls of its change.

The sun that rises o'er his eastern plain,
 Seeks o'er its western bounds his nightly sea ;
 The day, thus measur'd in his own domain,
 Sinks in the sweet ease of rusticity.

The

The oak, that now its tall head proudly rears,
 He well remembers once an humble spray,
 Counts o'er his long contemporary years,
 And, like himself, beholds his groves decay.

Tho' near Verona, that he knows no more
 Than Indians darkening in the sun's fierce flame;
 Tho' fame has told him of the Red Sea's shore,
 He thinks Benacus' borders are the same.

Yet health is his, the strong limb's sinewy might,
 Robust he sees his third-descending heirs :
 In distant climes let others take delight,
 His, longer life, and longer journeys theirs.

T O A L A D Y,

WHO ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF FLATTERY.

SAY not, fair one, that I flatter,
 Trust me, what I speak is true ;
 Would you have me write a satire,
 Where the purest praise is due.

I those praises cannot sinother,
 You so charming seem to me ;
 What were flattery to another,
 Barely justice is to thee.

O N

ON A LADY SLEEPING.

WHEN, for the world's repose, my Cælia sleeps,
 See, Cupid hovers o'er the maid, and weeps.
 Well may'ft thou weep, fond boy, thy power dies,
 Thou hast no darts, when Cælia has no eyes.

PROLOGUE TO A PUPPET-SHEW.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

FAIR dames, if puppets may presume to sue
 To such true judges of mankind as you,
 Indulge us, supplicating sticks of wood,
 Who plead but to be heard and understood ;
 And tho' like modern macaronies made,
 Of silk and whalebone, tinsel and brocade,
 Thus pledge ourselves courageously to please you,
 And promise, on our honours, not to tease you.

Since masquerades are grown so much in fashion,
 That squeaking's made the language of the nation,
 Let honest Punch be from your censure free,
 And smile on unaffected repartee.

In this infipid, sentimental age,
 Since wit retir'd from the declining stage ;
 Since bards enervate, spiritless, and tame,
 Took decency and dullness for the same ;

Since

Since taste in affectation dy'd away,
 And moral sentences were styl'd a play.
 Receiv'd in this poor scene, Joy's fav'rite seat,
 True English humour seeks a last retreat ;
 Here Punch the manners of the mob can paint,
 And dress his droll cōceits in phrases quaint ;
 For he's a blade of spirit, fire, and fun,
 Can drink, dance, dress and fight, intrigue and pun ;
 And tho' more shrill be charming Linley's throat,
 When sweetly she prolongs the dying note,
 Yet still with tolerable grace he sings,
 And few fine gentlemen say better things.

Should some by partial prejudices led,
 Like living puppets better than the dead,
 We might, perhaps, instruct them where to find
 Amusements, more adapted to their mind ;
 Shew tragedies pathetically drest,
 Or plotless comedies without a jest.

Yet ere they leave us we would fain impart
 A few short efforts of our mimic art ;
 To prove our manager's creative skill,
 Who dresses, moulds, and moves us at his will ;
 With one reserve, lest you his hopes defeat,
 That tho' his humble friends, we never eat.

T. H. I.

THE

THE EXPOSTULATION.

TO DELIA, BY LORD G—.

I.

FOR ever, O ! merciless fair,
 Will that cruel indiff'rence endure ?
 Can those eyes look me into despair,
 And that heart be unwilling to cure ?

II.

If I love, will you doom me to die ;
 Or, if I adore you, upbraid ?
 Can that breast the least pity deny
 To the wretch which your beauty has made ?

III.

How oft what I felt to disguise
 Has my reason imperiously strove,
 Till my soul almost fell from my eyes,
 In the tears of the tenderest love !

IV.

Till render'd unable to flow,
 By the torture's excess which I bore,
 That nature sunk under the wo,
 Or only recover'd to more.

Then

V.

Then Delia, determine my fate,
 Nor let me to madness be driven
 But, O ! do not tell me you hate,
 If you even resolve not to love.

THE REPLY.

BY LADY MARY ——.

I.

O ! Cease to mourn, unhappy youth,
 Or think this bosom hard :
 My tears, alas ! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

II.

Th' excess of unabating wo,
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas ! must make you know,
 The pain that dwells in your's.

III.

Condemn'd, like you, to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove ;
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

IV.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
No sound of comfort hears ;
And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
To wake her into tears.

V.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,
In fancy I complain ;
And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
Or see some perjur'd swain.

VI.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease,
Or blame the fates alone ;
For how can I restore your peace,
Who quite have lost my own ?

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

WHENE'ER, my friend, you chance to find
A female who attracts your mind,
Your choice awhile suspend ;
Examine nicely first her heart,
If incorrupt, if free from art ;
To that, be sure, attend.

For beauty soon familiar grows,
Or fades, as hourly fades the rose,

Frail

Frail tenant of decay !
 But virtue, life's extremest length
 Improving, shines, and grows in strength,
 With each succeeding day.

This is the beauty worth your care,
 And not the cheek, the lip, the hair,
 The eye, the teeth, the mien ;
 If no deformity disgrace,
 You'll soon think that a lovely face,
 Where truth and honour reign.

Be then the purpose of her heart,
 Whom of yourself you'd make a part,
 Confirm'd and well inform'd
 In all things moral, and divine ;
 The virtues more attractive shine,
 By true devotion warm'd.

Those virtues still have least alloy,
 And best will bear the strict assay,
 That on religion grow ;
 Others to fear, or interest, yield,
 Or shrink, or meanly quit the field,
 When storms of passion blow.

Let no vain superstitious fears
 Create imaginary cares ;

F 2

For

For those, who mean the best,
 Who've only honest ends in view,
 Will carefully these ends pursue,
 And leave to heaven the rest.

If gratitude her bosom swell ;
 If there, kind, generous, pity dwell,
 Meekness, and manly sense ;
 If no desire for dress, or play,
 Can lead her steady heart away,
 Fear not her innocence.

Fair virtue, honour, candour, truth,
 Alone maintain the charms of youth
 Thro' every stage of life :
 These with new lustre ever glow,
 And, every day, new charms bestow
 Upon the friend—the wife.

Those light the lamp of pure desire,
 These fan the clear, celestial fire,
 Bright flame of lasting love :
 While practis'd looks, and airs, and smiles,
 And art, that thoughtless men beguiles,
 But flashes—meteors prove.

THE

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

BY A LADY.

YOU ask, if the thing to my choice were submitted,
 You ask how I'd wish in a man to be fitted ?
 I'll answer you freely, but beg you to mind him ;
 Your friendship, perhaps, may assist me to find him.

His age and condition shall first be consider'd—
 The rose on his cheek should be blown, but not wi-
 ther'd ;
 He should be, then—but, hark ye, a word in your
 ear,
 Don't you think five-and-twenty would fit to a hair ?

His fortune, from debts and incumbrances clear,
 Unsaddled with jointures, a thousand a year .
 Tho', to shew you at once, my good sense and good
 nature,
 I'd not quarrel much, should it chance to be greater.

The qualities, next, of his heart and his head—
 Good-natur'd, and friendly, sincere, and well-bred ;
 With wit, when he pleas'd, on all subjects to shine,
 And sense, not too great to set value on mine :

F 3

His

His learning, and judgment, should seldom appear;
 And his courage be shewn, but when danger is near;
 With an eye, that can melt at another man's wo,
 A heart to forgive, and a hand to bestow.

No coxcomb who boasts of his knowledge, or arts;
 Nor stiff with his learning, nor proud of his parts;
 No dull, solemn blockhead, who'd fain be thought wise;
 For, a fool I detest, and a fop I despise.

Thus I've try'd to mark out, in these whimsical lays,
 The partner I wish for the rest of my days:
 Go find out the lad that is form'd to my plan;
 And him I will marry—I mean if I can.

But, if it should chance—there's a proverb, you know,
 That marriage and hanging by destiny go—
 Should it happen that fate hath some other in store,
 The reverse of the picture I gave you before:

Should I chance to be curst with a fop, or a fool,
 Too perverse to be rul'd, yet too silly to rule,
 What, then, could be done?—Without fighting, or
 arguing,
 I think I would e'en make the best of my bargain:
 I'd

I'd fit down content with the lot that is mine,
 And, tho' I might smart, yet I would not repine—
 You may laugh, if you please; but I'll swear that I
 would
 Do all I have told you—I mean if I could.

The two following little pieces were written by the late Dr.
 HAWKESWORTH; and given by him in order to be set to
 Music by Mr. STANLEY, the Composer.

O N F R E E D O M.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage
 Blooming youth and hoary age;
 Time itself can ne'er destroy
 Freedom's pure and lasting joy:
 Love and friendship never gave
 Half their blessings to the slave;
 None are happy but the free,
 Bliss is born of liberty.

O N F R I E N D S H I P.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of reason,
 Dearer yet than that of love:
 Love but lasts a transient season,
 Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the sacred pleasure
 Felt, when soul with soul unites ;
 Other blessings have their measure,
 Friendship without bound delights.

VERSES BY POPE.

[Not in his Works.]

TO MR. C——, ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

FEW words are best ; I wish you well ;
 Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here :
 Some morning-walks along the Mall,
 And evening-friends will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
 The falling leaf and coming frost,
 You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
 Your friend, your poet, and your host.

For three whole days you here may rest
 From office, business, news, and strife :
 And (what most folks would think a jest)
 Want nothing else, except your wife.

IN.

INSCRIPTION AT SCARBOROUGH,* 1770.

[Now first published.]

THIS healing spring to Mansfield lends
 Destruction from his fingers' ends :
 Thus plants innoxious in the field,
 To vipers deadly poisons yield.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

LOUD blew the winds, and from the shore
 Her bark the swelling billows bore,
 When the fond mother † closely prest,
 The infant Perseus to her breast.

“ O child,” (and as she ’gan to speak
 The tears ran down her faded cheek)
 “ What thoughts my anxious bosom tear ?
 “ Yet thou, sweet boy, secure from fear,
 “ With pure and peaceful slumbers blest,
 “ Can’t in this joyless mansion rest ;
 “ Where night, and horror’s deepest shades,
 “ (Save where the glimmering moon pervades)
 “ Their gloomy influence have spread,
 “ Thou, in thy purple mantle laid ;

* Occasioned by a report that the Lord Chief Justice having lost his nails, recovered them by the use of the Scarborough waters.

† Danaë.

" Nor heed'st the waves, that o'er thee flow,
 " Nor hear'st the winds that howling blow.
 " But had these terrors half their pow'r,
 " On thee too, in this dreadful hour,
 " Thy little ear thoud'st surely lend,
 " And to thy mother's griefs attend.
 " Sleep on my child : I charge thee sleep ;
 " O could I hush the angry deep,
 " Or my unmeasurable woes,
 " Within my troubled breast compose !
 " But thou avert, O Father Jove,
 " Such cruel punishment for love.
 " Bold as it is, I dare demand
 " Justice, from thy almighty hand,
 " And to the injur'd parent done,
 " O, be that justice, by her son !"

THE PLEASURES OF THE MIND.

KIND nature, with a mother's joys
 Her every art to charm employs,
 For man—the golden king of day
 Pours light, health, beauty, in his ray.
 The morn in silver tresses bright,
 With milder charms salutes his sight,
 And night her shadowy curtain draws,
 Indulging sleep's refreshing pause :

For

For man the purply finger'd hours,
 Dres Beauteous spring in new-blown flow'rs.
 Teach her to breathe a rich perfume,
 And smile with eye-enchanting bloom.
 Then, ripe in beauty's glowing pride,
 Blithe Summer, Sol's resplendent bride,
 Bids plenty revel o'er the plains,
 And carol heart enlivening strains.
 Next, autumn calls the sylvan pow'rs,
 To lay him soft in shady bow'rs,
 Where grape and nectarine, plum and peach,
 May tempting hang within his reach !
 Last, winter comes to rule the year
 In sweet vicissitude severe.
 See him on Zembla's mountains stand,
 He stretches out his palfied hand,
 And all his magazines unfold
 Their copious hoards of ice and cold :
 The hail, in volleys rattles round,
 The snow descending, shrouds the ground :
 Deep bellowing bursts of thunders roll,
 And pleasing horror swells the soul.
 With still improv'd delight, the mind
 Beholds her powers unconfin'd,
 She roves with nature, and explains
 What virtues live in secret veins
 Of herbs ; bids Flora's children rise
 In naked beauty to her eyes,

To the soft serenade of gales
 Thro' ocean's liquid realms she sails,
 Thro' pearly worlds, thro' coral groves,
 Where every scaly wonder roves :
 With Phœbus, in his chariot driv'n,
 She journies thro' the expanse of heav'n.
 Now rolling round on Saturn's ring,
 Now roving on the comet's wing,
 And urging still her airy flight,
 She gains those smiling realms of light,
 Where sons of bliss, immortals dwell,
 In golden groves of asphodel.
 Now conscious of celestial skill,
 Her forming pow'r she tries at will,
 Her pencil weds assenting dies,
 And see a new-born world arise.
 Here charms the eye the blossom'd grove,
 Where, looking bliss, young lovers rove ;
 There serpentine the river glides,
 And nibbling flocks adorn its sides.
 Soft'ning to flesh the marble lives,
 And takes each attitude she gives :
 Here nerv'd to strength the hero stands,
 There orators extend their hands,
 The patriot here, by freedom's side,
 Smiling pours out the vital tide ;
 Here beauty charms the gazing eye,
 The loves and graces waiting by ;

Is it the breeze that wakes the spring,
 Or say, does Philomela sing,
 And bid the list'ning ear rejoice?
 'Tis music tunes her heav'nly voice,
 Her voice of sweetest skill to raise
 The drooping heart ten thoufand ways.
 Now heav'n-caught fury fires the soul,
 And spurning oft earth's dull controul,
 Vent'rous she wings her full-plum'd flight,
 Detects new reg'ons of delight:
 Led by enchantress fancy roves,
 The muses gay ideal groves,
 Where countless beings strike her eye,
 Confus'd in glitt'ring novelty:
 But what the varied years delight,
 Or what the mental ken so bright,
 Or what the kind inspiring muses,
 To bliss that genuine love transfuses!
 The parent fond impassion'd flow,
 The fil'al duteous grateful glow,
 Congenial friendship, heav'nly true,
 And pity pressing balmy dew.
 The feast of converse, that dispenses
 Rapture to fill up all the senses,
 Where reason, mirth, good humour fit,
 And beauty sparkles into wit.
 Here too, as in the natural scene,
 Triumphs the mind, creative queen,

Here

Here fancy, with illusion kind,
 Indulges ev'ry longing mind,
 Brings to the lover, in despair
 His mutually impaffion'd fair,
 Adorns the frightful female face
 With beauties cull'd from every grace :
 Instructs ambition's slave to nod,
 And bids the reptile soar a God;
 App'auds the bard's prosaic songs,
 Gives eloquence to stamm'ring tongues,
 Lets ocean's sons their haven gain,
 Unbinds the captive's galling chain ;
 To poverty each joy bestows,
 From rich humanity that flows,
 Gives her at once herself to bless,
 And charm the virtues in distress,
 Yet still reserves the sapient mind,
 Her darling free-born joy behind,
 When with fond eyes she loves to trace
 The beauties of her moral race,
 And with blithe confidence can say,
 She liv'd with virtue ev'ry day,
 That still she urg'd life's great design,
 To fit herself for bliss divine ;
 Then conscience lends the plausive note,
 Thro' ev'ry sense of joy to float,
 Strikes music from each vital string,
 That envies not when angels sing ;

Diffolv'd

Diffolv'd in extacy she lies,
And sweetly pre-enjoys the skies.

A N I N V I T A T I O N
TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DODINGTON, ESQ.*
BY THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

In allusion to Horace, B. I. Epist. v.

IF Dodington will condescend
To visit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain dishes here ;
No costly welcome, but a kind,
He and his friends will always find ;
A plain, but clean, and spacious room,
The master and his heart at home,
A cellar, open as his face,
A dinner shorter than his grace ;
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fish (if any) from the town ;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'er-aw'd
By human laws, not those of God,
No ven'fon steal, or none they bring,
Or send it all to master King ; †

* Created Lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 1762.

† The Blandford carrier.

And

And yet, perhaps, some vent'rous spark,
 May bring it, now the nights are dark.
 Punch I have store, and beer beside,
 And port that's sound, tho' frenchify'd.
 Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
 From Eastb'ry *—a desert—of wit.

One line, good Sir, to name the day,
 And your petitioner will pray, &c.

TO MY BROTHER MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT, AN
 EPISTLE ; ON HIS HAVING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our isle,
 "I kiss your hand, Sir," is the modish style;
 In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
 I beg to kiss your venerable toe.
 Not old infallibility's can have
 Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.

What dignity attends the solemn gout,
 What conscious greatness, if the heart be stout !
 Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,
 In painful majesty and decent pride,
 With leg tost high, on stately sofa sit,
 More like a sultan, than a modern wit;
 Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,
 Advance with caution, and retire with fear;

* Mr. Dodington's seat, at that time.

Ev'n Peggy trembles, tho' (or authors fail)
At times, the anti-salic laws prevail.

Now Lord have mercy on poor Dick ! say I,
“ Where's the lac'd shoe—who laid the flannel by ? ”
Within, 'tis hurry, the house seems possest ;
Without, the horses wonder at their rest.
What terrible dismay, what scenes of care !
Why is the sooty Mintrem's hopeful heir, *
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,
And give attendance with his half-shut eyes ?
What makes that girl with hideous visage stare ?
What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair ? §
Why all this noise, this bustle, and this rout ?
“ Oh ! nothing—but poor master has the gout.”

Meantime, superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
In rapt'rous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,
In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Cau nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain ?
Or does the muse suspend the rage of pain ?
Awhile give o'er your rage ; in sicknes prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move :

* Mr. Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

† Another servant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford-fair, two miles from Pimperne.

Think

Think not your friends compassionate can be,
 When such the product of disease they see ;
 Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight,
 We'll wish you still the gout, if still you write.

H E A L T H.

HEALTH, Pleasure's handmaid, loves my beech.
 crown'd hill ;

There, when the sun first streaks the eastern sky,
 I meet the nymph in flowing mantle drest,
 With rosy cheek, and lustre-beaming eye.

When nontide heats forbid to climb the brow,
 With me she seeks the copse's green retreat ;
 And as I lie beneath the deepest shade,
 She hears the willing vows which I repeat.

Sweet nymph, whose presence gilds the darkest
 scene !

(Thus do I oft begin the votive lay)
 Parent of bliss ! thou source of pure delight !
 Accept the grateful homage which I pay !

Oh may'st thou ne'er my humble cot forsake,
 May no rude orgies drive thee from my door;
 But still the plain repast with me partake,
 And throw a sunshine on my ev'ning hour.

THE

THE COURT OF VENUS.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

BEING PART OF THE EPITHALAMIUM ON THE
MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS WITH
MARIA, THE DAUGHTER OF STILICHO.

TH' Ionian quarter of the Cyprian shore,
 A craggy mountain coolly shadows o'er,
 Untrod by human feet ; and, from its head,
 Nile's sev'nfold mouths, and Proteus' Pharian bed
 (The Egyptian coast) in distant prospect lie ;
 No louring storms e'er cloud the happy sky.
 To love and luxury, th' indulgent scene
 Devoted lies, and wears eternal green.
 Nor the bleak seasons that deform the year ;
 Nor wintry months disgracefully appear ; }
 But spring's immortal beauties flourish here.
 On its high top a field extends around,
 With a rich fence of golden hedges crown'd.

This curious border, Mulciber, 'tis said,
 Uxorious, for his wife's embraces paid,
 A bribe to purchase love. The meadows smile ;
 No culture need, for zephyr tends the soil.
 No bird presumes to warble in these groves,
 But such whose voice the goddess first approves.

The

The victors triumph, and the vanquish'd train,
Are chas'd away to distance on the plain.

To love, the cheerful vegetables rise,
And ev'ry tree seems sensible of joys.

His boughs the elder with the elder twines,
And, close embracing, conjugally joins.

The poplar to the poplar fighs his pains,
And beech to beech alternately complains.

Two fountains roll ; one sweet ; and bitter one,
Whose hateful streams all mirth and pleasure drown.

Here Cupid, fame reports, his darts prepares,
And dips the cruel weapons of his wars.

A thousand brothers on the margin play,
Alike in face and dress, all young and gay,

The family of loves, of unrelated sway ! }

The rest sprung from the nymphs ; but this alone,
Of better birth, is golden Venus' son, }

Heav'n and the gods are subject to his throne ;

On princes his distinguish'd shafts he spends ;

O'er meaner hearts the meaner race attends.

No other wasteful pow'rs are wanting here ;
Voluptuous licence, which no bounds can bear,
And hasty anger easily aton'd,
And watchings, drench'd in wine, inhabit round :
Blushes, and paleness, love's alternate hue :
Boldness, at first abash'd with raptures new.

Delightful

Delightful fears, and pleasures infincere,
 And wanton perjuries on wing appear :
 Presumptuous youth is still at hand to chase
 Decrepit age from this enchanting place.

The glitt'ring palace shoots a various blaze
 Thro' the brown grove, and shines with mingled rays ;
 By Vulcan rear'd, who added art to price ;
 Gems mixt with gold here strike th' admiring eyes.
 On em'rald bases plac'd the pillars stand,
 Hew'd from clear hyacinth with happy hand.
 The walls were beryl ; sparkling jaspers join,
 To form the doors, and nicely polish'd shrine ;
 Rich agate pav'd the floor, dispos'd with skill di- }
 vine.

Full in the midst an ample plain appears,
 Which curious plants and od'rous harvests bears.
 Here sweet amomum and the caffia's spice,
 And soft Sabæan cinnamon arose ;
 Nor grudgingly their gums the branches yield,
 But the rich balm distils o'er all the field.

J. H. BROWNE, Esq. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

NOW six-and-thirty rapid years are fled
 Since I began, nor yet begin to live—
 Painful reflection ! to look back I dread.
 What hope, alas ! can looking forward give ?

Day

Day urges day, and year succeeds to year ;
 While hoary age steals unperceiv'd along.
 Summer is come, and yet no fruits appear ;
 My joys a dream, my works an idle song.

Ah me ! I fondly thought Apollo shone
 With beams propitious on my natal hour.
 Fair was my morn ; but now at highest noon,
 Shades gather round, and clouds begin to lour.

“ Yes, on thy natal hour,” the god replies,
 “ I shone propitious, and the muses smil’d ;
 “ Blame not the pow’rs ; they gave thee wings to
 rise ;
 “ But earth thou lov’st, by low delights beguil’d.
 “ Possessing wealth beyond a poet’s lot,
 “ Thou the dull track of lucre hast preferr’d ;
 “ For contemplation form’d, and lofty thought,
 “ Thou meanly minglest with the vulgar herd.
 “ True bards, select, and sacred to the Nine,
 “ Listen not thus to pleasure’s warbling lays ;
 “ Nor on the downy couch of ease recline ;
 “ Severe their lives, abstemious are their days.

O born

“ O born for nobler ends ! dare to be wife :
 “ ‘Tis not even now too late ; assert thy claim ;
 “ Rugged the path conducting to the skies,
 “ But the fair guerdon is immortal fame.”

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

BY CAPT. THOMSON.

THERE liv’d in York, an age ago,
 A man whose name was Pimlico :
 He lov’d three sisters passing well,
 But which the best he could not tell.
 These sisters three, divinely fair,
 Shew’d Pimlico their tend’rest care :
 For each was elegantly bred,
 And all were much inclin’d to wed ;
 And all made Pimlico their choice,
 And prais’d him with their sweetest voice.
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
 Like ass divided ’tween the hay,
 At last resolv’d to gain his ease,
 And chuse his wife by eating cheese.
 He wrote his card, he seal’d it up,
 And said with them that night he’d sup ;
 Desir’d that there might only be
 Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three ;

He

He was resolv'd to crown his life,
 And by that means to fix his wife.
 The girls were pleas'd at his conceit ;
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat ;
 With faces full of peace and plenty,
 Blooming with roses under twenty.
 For surely Nancy, Betty, Sally,
 Were sweet as lilies of the valley,
 But singly, surely buxom Bet
 Was like new hay and minionet ;
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy :
 And as for Sall, she was a Dona,
 As fair as those of old Crotona,*
 Who to Apelles bent their faces,
 To make up Madam Helen's graces.
 To those, the gay divided Pim,
 Came elegantly smart and trim :
 When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
 To shew her saving, eat the paring ;
 And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
 Cut, and then threw away the rind ;

* Apelles, from five beautiful virgins of Crotona, drew Helen of Troy, the adulterous wife of Menelaus.

While

While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd her cheese.
 This done, young Pimlico replied,
 " Sally I now declare my bride :
 " With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 " For she has prov'd a dirty slut :
 " And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
 " Would give my fortune to the wind.
 " Sally the happy medium chose,
 " And I with Sarah will repose ;
 " She's prudent, cleanly ; and the man
 " Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
 " Can never err, if he will chuse
 " A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

ON SEEING THE FIGURE OF DEATH IN A DREAM.

BY DR. HARRINGTON.

O vain superstition !

AVERT, proud Death, thy lifted spear,
 Nor vaunt thee King of Terrors, here ;
 Shorn of thy first envenom'd sting,
 Vain are all terrors thou canst bring :
 Smite, monster, smite, nor spare thy deepest wound ;
 From Jesse's root our sovereign balm is found.

VOL. V.

G

When

When o'er the world's wide misery,
 Coeval darkness sway'd with thee,
 Creation shrunk beneath thy frown,
 And horror mark'd thy ebon crown,
 Those downcast kingdoms, whelm'd in ruins lie,
 Smote by the beaming day-spring from on high.

Tho' clad in vesture of affright,
 Thou prow'l'st beneath the pall of night,
 Thy famish'd form doth quash alarm,
 Unpoise that daring strengthless arm,
 Bow thy diminish'd head—stern tyrant, flee,
 For thou art swallow'd up in victory.

Sweet Mercy hath her triumph shewn,
 Thy darken'd host of fear o'erthrown :
 Now to behold thee—vanquish'd slave,
 No power's left beyond the grave ;—
 We greet thee kind !—O wond'rous friendship this !
 Welcome, good herald !—to announce our bliss.

WRITTEN IN THE PUMP-ROOM AT BATH.

Scire potestates aquarum, usumque bibendi. VIRG.

ALWHYLE ye drink, 'midst age and acheybent,
 Ah creepe not comfortlesse besyde our streame ;
 (Sweet nurse of hope) afflyction's downward sente,
 Wythe stylle smalle voyce, to rouze from thryftless
 dreame ;

Eache

Eache wyng to prune, that shiftythe everie sparle,
In wytlesse flyghte, and chyrpythe lyfe awaie.

Alwhyle ye lave—suche solace may be founde
 “ When kynde the hande, why ‘neath its healyng
 “ faynte ?
 “ Payne shall recure, the heartes corruptede wounde,”
 “ Farre gone is that, which feelethe not its playnte.”
 “ Ay kyndrede angel smote, Bethesda gave”
 “ Newe vyrtues forthe,—and felt her troublede
 “ wave.”

Thus drynke, thus lave—nor evermore lamente ;
 Oure sprynges but flowe pale anguish to befriende ;
 Howe faire the meed that followe the contente !
 How bleste to live, and fynde suche anguish mende !
 How bleste to dye, when sufferynge faithe makes
 sure,
 At lyfe’s high founte, an everlastynge cure !

EDGAR.

T H E S P O R T S M A N.

OFT when I’ve seen the new-fledg’d morn arise,
 And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
 Th’ expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
 Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man ;

G 2

Swift

Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,
 (For studious cares solicit something new)
 From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
 And letter'd trophies of three thousand years ;
 Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I
 glide,
 The fatal tube depending at my side ;
 No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
 No rattling carriage drives me to the wall ;
 The close compacted shops, their commerce laid,
 In silence frown like mansions of the dead—
 Save, where the footy-shrowded wretch cries—Sweep,
 Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep—
 'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight
 fame,
 Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame—
 Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
 With tott'ring steps comes reeling to and fro—
 Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
 Stare in his face, and stupify his sight !
 Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
 'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !
 Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,
 The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent borne,
 Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn ;
 With

With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,
 While crimson colours on our faces glow,
 Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
 And vindicate the ways of health to man.

Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
 And right and left, with anxious care attend ;
 The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
 Scents every leaf that on the margin grows ;
 Sudden he stops !—he eyes the plashy spring !
 The frightened snipe darts upward on the wing,
 With shrill ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
 In vain ! for death e'en persecutes him there—
 Another springs ! but happier in his flight,
 'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun.

Heav'n ! what delights my active mind renew,
 When out-spread nature opens to my view,
 The carpet cover'd earth of spangled white,
 The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light ;
 The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
 The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way ;
 The morning breeze in milder air retires,
 And rising rapture all my bosom fires.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
 The wary woodcocks rustles thro' the brakes,
 With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
 'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force ;
 Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
 Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim ;
 'Till chance decides the long contested spoil,
 Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
 The baffl'd sportsman beats with forward care,
 Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
 Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side—
 Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
 Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah ! what avails him now the varnish'd dye,
 The tortoise-colour'd back, the brilliant eye,
 The pointed bill, that steer'd his vent'rous way
 From northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea ;
 To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
 Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
 Whom rig'rous laws, and rigid hunger press,
 In western regions seeks a milder state,
 Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate ;

Scarce

Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
 Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
 Sudden ! he sees the roving Indian nigh,
 Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—
 Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
 'Till arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies.
 Unhappy man ! who no extreme could shun,
 By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone !
 In vain ! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
 Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
 And this the task of sovereigns to attend ;
 Be mine the care, to range this ample field,
 Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield,
 Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
 And purge the æther with successive fire,
 Spring o'er the fence bars my active mind,
 And rouze my friend that ling'ring stays behind,
 Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains
 The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains ;
 Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
 He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

And thou, dear spaniel ! friend in other form !
 Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
 Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
 Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame ;

And thou, dear pointer ! never devious stray,
 But search the plains inquisitively gay,
 With length'ned side, and sapient nose inhale
 The floating vapour of the scented gale—
 Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year
 By Libra weigh'd, rewarded Ceres' care,
 Thro' new-shorn fields with active vigour bound,
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground ;
 Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
 With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey ;
 Then statue like, with lifted foot proclaim
 The partridge near, and certify the game—
 Where ere I range, whatever sports pursue,
 Be still attendant, and be still in view.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
 Demands a thought for respite and for rest,
 Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
 Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie ;
 The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
 The splendid domes that emulously rise.

These to behold may please the vacant mind,
 More pleasing far the cottage of the hind
 That yonder smokes, by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
 By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd :
 Oft have I there my thirst and toil alay'd,
 Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd ;
The

The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
 Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests,
 Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
 The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
 The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
 The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care;
 The milky store for cream collected first,
 Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
 While crackling faggots bright'ning as they burn,
 Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
 The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
 The lambkin dear, that frisks about the house—
 The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
 Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal;
 Call'd, she attends, assists with artless grace,
 The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
 That scorns the dye, which pallid pride can lend,
 And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
 Lo ! forward comes the father of the flock,
 Of honest front :—salutes with rustic gait,
 Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
 When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
 And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
 'Till rising rents reduced them now to three,
 Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see :

Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
 He seeks from labour, and he gains from health :
 Then talks of sport ; how many wild ducks seen !
 What flocks of widgeons too had fledg'd the green.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
 The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot ;
 A small gratuity dilates their heart,
 And many a blessing follows as we part.
 Nor you, ye proud ! disdain their state to hear,
 The state of nature crowns their frugal cheer ;
 Transmitted pure from patriarchal times,
 By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes—
 To you unknown their labours and their race,
 Alike unknown their innocence and peace ;
 Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
 Their lives calm current flows without a name.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
 Mourn'd the departure of retiring day,
 A darker hue the face of nature wears,
 And scarce distinct the distant town appears—
 Back to our mind, in quick succession throng
 (To cheat the time and steal the road along)
 The various sports of all the summer past,
 When ling'ring long-vacation came at last ;
 Imagination fondly sports to tell,
 How many grouse, how many partridge fell.

The

The rising moon, with delegated sway,
 Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
 Reveals the various objects that we meet,
 And all the busy tumults of the street—
 With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,
 And bloody news from lungs horrific pours ;
 The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
 That mock the crowd with love's fantastic joy ;
 The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that
 shews,
 Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose ;
 While close behind the shiv'ring female strays,
 Parted from virtue, innocence and ease—
 She once the darling of her mother's arms,
 Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,
 Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,
 Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name ;
 'Till the fly tempter-urg'd insidious suit,
 And lar'd her weakness to forbidden fruit ;
 There perish'd grace, her guardian honour fled,
 And sad remembrance mourns each blessing—dead !
 Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
 She wanders now to ev'ry vice a prey—
 A prey to yonder terror of the night,
 (Avert, ye Gods ! such monsters from my sight !)
 The bully dire : whose front the furies swell,
 And scars dishonest mark the son of hell—

In vain ! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face ;

Heav'n ! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign ;
Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health.

N E W - Y E A R O D E,

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

KING BLADUD OF BATH.

ILLUSTRIOUS Bladud, best of kings,
Tho' thou can'st make no gracious speeches,
Thy stream the gift of healing brings,
In spite of all the leagues of leeches.

When this blest well one virtue more,
The grace of Helicon shall give,
The grateful bard, tho' not before,
May learn to praise, who learns to live.

Here patriots, worn with wasting care
Of poor Britannia on the brink ;
Here matron sage, and maiden fair,
And deists here believe and drink,

The

The sacred prelate here suspends
 His pious views of new translation,
 And here the statesman condescends
 To save himself to sink the nation.

The wither'd beau, the gouty cit,
 The pamper'd knight, the priest, the peer,
 The swaggering biter, and the bit,
 Fantastic groupe ! are gather'd here.

All, helpless babes of sainted Hoyle,
 With the most fervent zeal adore ;
 All, as spadille attacks the spoil,
 Spadille's protecting aid implore.

Propitious to thy monarch's will,
 O boiling wave, do not desist
 To keep alive aunt Deborah still,
 And seat her soberly at whist.

Ah ! did thy fount the cup supply,
 That blots the conscious memory out,
 Full soon the currrent would run dry,
 And greedy votaries lick the spout.

His lordship, with the filken string,
 Might then evade the poison'd dart,
 Which keeps him ever on the wing,
 Flying the horrors of his heart.

But

But all that this fine town bestows,
 To dress, to dance, to laugh, to fret,
 Nor giddy ball, nor tawdry clothes,
 Can teach the guilty to forget.

TO THE PARRET.*

PARRET!—whose artless windings lead
 The ling'ring eye from mead to mead,
 Where nature spreads, so fair to see,
 Her scenes of pure simplicity;
 Oft' to thy banks, when life was new,
 Thy little votary fondly flew,
 And hovering round thy pastoral stream,
 Indulg'd young Fancy's earliest dream;
 Full oft' with fix'd attention stood,
 And gazing on the restless flood,
 Saw waves on waves successive throng,
 And wonder'd how they flow'd so long!
 In simple childhood's careless days,
 These scenes could strange emotions raise;
 Could wake the smile—could call the tear—
 Exalt with hope, or sink with fear:
 Even now, when nature wakes my heart,
 And weans it from the toys of art,
 By some resistless magic led,
 I twine thy willows round my head,

* The Parret is a river near Sherborne.

And

And stealing thro' thy fair domain,
 Bid Memory paint yet once again,
 Yet once again, those scenes belov'd,
 When here with innocence I rov'd :
 Or, stretch'd beneath yon' bloomy spray,
 Saw pleasure lead the hours away.

But, ah ! no more, sweet stream no more
 Will pleasure listen to my lore ;
 She flies my steps on wings of wind,
 And leaves me all forlorn behind.
 The fairy scenes of fancy fled,
 Each flattering expectation dead.
 Thee I revist all in vain,
 Seeking short solace of my pain ;
 For at each scene that memory paints,
 My sickening, sickening spirit faints,

PARRET ! if e'er thy banks along
 Sweet Echo learn one simple song,
 O teach the pratling nymph to tell
 How transport rose, how transport fell.
 O teach her to repeat aloud,
 That pleasure's like a summer cloud :
 The fleeting form of painted air,
 Is gone whilst we pronounce it fair.

E. L. N.

o n

ON LADY ******, WHO UPON THE AUTHOR'S
PASSING AND LOOKING INTO HER CARRIAGE,
HELD UP A HAT, WHICH SHE WAS PURCHASE-
ING, BEFORE HER FACE.

WHAT tho' thy plighted faith to one confign'd,
Forbids the love you raise in all mankind ;
Tho' no soft vows presume to tempt thine ear,
Nor fervent orisons, 'twere sin to hear ;
Tho' no new triumphs touch thy breast with pride,
Warm to it's truth, and cold to all beside ;
Woud'st thou alike our eyes and hearts reprove,
And reprobate our taste as well as love ?
—To cloister'd walls, or shades recluse retir'd,
Thou must be hidden not to be admir'd.
But in the world thy radiant course begun,
To hide thy pow'r were to conceal the sun :
Some tranfient moments may eclipse his rays,
To shine more glorious in a brighter blaze ;
Some glimm'rings still confess th' all-conqu'ring
lights,
And intimate what soon must joy our fights.
—While to obscure that lovely face you try,
And veil the shining beauties of thine eye,
With vain success you shield us from their pow'r ;
While hiding them, you but discover more.

Those

Those arms alone our homage wou'd command,
 Or half the nameless graces of thy hand,
 New charms in ev'ry finger are display'd,
 And all your purpose is at once betray'd.
 —If e'er we too intemperately gaze,
 'Tis holy rapture all ! 'tis pious praise !
 Religion's self the venial fault must own ;
 We covet not what one can claim alone :
 No decalogue we break, nor madly dare
 To set our love and piety at war ;
 The strongest but the purest flame we boast,
 And all our crime is in one prayer lost.
 —Oh ! may thy Lord well know the prize possest,
 And be, by greatly blessing, greatly blest !

A T A L E.

ONCE on the way, as fable tells,
 Love, Reputation greeted ;
 The first, like modern friend, seem'd frank,
 The latter, shy, retreated.

Sir Gravity, said sprightly Love,
 Shall I my scheme unravel ?
 Companion rare ! yet once for whim,
 Together let us travel.

Nor

Nor is this league with empty views,
 On either side, invited ;
 Pert slander shall in vain assay,
 Or you, or me, united.

Agreed—away flies eager Love,
 His wings outstripp'd the wind,
 Whilst Reputation, slow of foot,
 Came lagging far behind.

Love stopp'd, impatient at his stay,
 And cried, If thus I tarry,
 How many matches shall I spoil ?
 How many prudes miscarry ?

How many vot'ries shall I lose ?
 Yet not my faith to sully,
 I'll teach thee, my dear friend, tho' new,
 To mark my progress duly.

When towns I seek—a wing I'l plume,
 Your guide to trace me thither ;
 At masquerades, assemblies, balls,
 You ne'er shall miss a feather.

Soft ! soft ! said Reputation, Child,
 To these I rarely come ;
 So master Love, again you're free,
 In random flight, to roam :

Yet

Yet ere we part, weigh well my words,
 With strict attention mind me ;
 Those whom I meet, and me desert,
 Again shall never find me.

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

BY RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

1767.

IN the present dearness of all kinds of provisions, it must undoubtedly give great satisfaction to the poor, as well as *private* families, to be informed, that the price of *turtle* is fallen from 4s. 6d. and 4s. to 3s. and 2s. 9d. per pound, which is certainly very reasonable, considering that the shell and other indigestible parts do not weigh above two-thirds of the whole.

Last Saturday night was broke open a barber's shop ; when the villains had the audacity to steal from thence the rector of the parish's *wig* ; by which means the parishioners were deprived of hearing an excellent sermon from it the next morning.

At a church in *North Waks*, the whole sum collected by a brief for a terrible fire, amounted to *one farthing*, which was given by the curate, who declared it was the

the most he could afford to give, out of 10l. per ann. considering he had a wife and six small children.

Yesterday morning Mr. *George*, an eminent oilman, and one of the Common-Council, was found dead in his bed. He had ate a very hearty dinner the day before of turtle and venison.

The same day a large sow, belonging to an eminent distiller, was found dead *drunk* in her sty. She had ate a great quantity of cherries used in making cherry-brandy.

Late last night a gentlewoman was *taken up* in —— burying-ground. She was afterwards removed by *Habeus Corpus* to a surgeon's, where she is to undergo a close examination.

On Wednesday last as some *fellowes* were making merry at the sign of the *Golden Ball* in Warwick-lane, several *licentious* persons, with a blacksmith at their head, suddenly presented themselves at the door, and insisted on taking a pipe and tankard along with them, alledging that there was room enough for *more* company; whereupon one of the *fellowes* within presented a large *squirt* at the rioters, which happily *operated* as was intended, by giving the whole corps an immediate *motion*.

'Tis thought that a late arrangement will certainly give permanence to administration; and therefore no changes are expected for some hours to come.

Yesterday

Yesterday morning, the weather being favourable, Lord Chatham took an airing on Hampstead Heath.—An example worthy to be imitated, by such of us as are friends to our *constitution*!

The following shocking murders were lately committed in a nobleman's kitchen by a *French* cook. A fucking-pig was whipped to death, and a lobster roasted alive.

Last Thursday, at the mustering of the city trainbands, a quarrel happened between two of the officers, a cheefemonger and a haberdasher; in consequence of which, a duel was to have been fought the next morning! but both the parties having got drunk over night, they happily overslept themselves, and no bloodshed ensued.

To-morrow the noted *Filch* will set out upon his travels into foreign parts.

The same day *Bob Booty*, alias *Bloody Bob*, will pay a visit to *John Ketch*, Esq. near *Paddington*, where he will make but a short stay, and afterwards proceed to his country-seat on *Hounslow-Heath*, where he will reside as long as the weather will permit.

The grand national races do not begin till next spring: The jockies are to start from most of the great towns in England, and ride to St. Stephen's post. As jockeying is allowed, 'tis thought there will be excellent sport, many thrown out of their seats, many distanced, and much money lost.

The

The King's coats and badges will be rowed for soon. 'Tis hoped by all honest people that the *best* sculls will come in first.

Last night was murdered, at a house of ill fame, by a set of female assassins, the reputation of many virtuous ladies. Pray stop their mouths.

Monday night were interred the last remains of English Hospitality :—Charity, Benevolence, Virtue, Honour, Honesty, and Chastity, (who supported the pall,) were pushed into the grave, and covered over likewise.

To be lett and entered on immediately, on lease for life, many of them in good repair, some thousands of young unmarried women : They are to be viewed every evening till they are lett at the following places, viz. Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Sadler's Wells, the Park, &c. &c.

Last night were taken up by the watch, and carried to the rouud-house, nineteen full pots of strong beer. They were all discharged, and let out again, before the Justice was up.

This morning about ten o'clock was hang'd, pursuant to it's sentence, a fine fat haunch of venison It is to hang a fortnight, and then to be eaten by the overseers of ——— parish for the benefit of the poor.

A foreigner

A foreigner is taken up for ravishing a lady of distinction, with his fiddle-stick. His trial comes on next concert night.

To be disposed of to the best bidder, warranted sound wind and limb, rising sixteen, carries her head in the right place, has all her paces, is in good condition, and able to carry any weight, a fine brown girl. The reason the present owner parts with her, is, that he is going to be married, and has no further occasion for her.

Yesterday Bob Pilfer was christened in the parish horsepond. A great number of the mobility assisted at the ceremony.

To all foreigners and others.—This is to give notice, that the English vulgar tongue is taught at Billingsgate, by a company of qualified fish-women, upon very reasonable terms.

This morning was married at St. Giles's church, James Tripe, Esq. carcase-butcher, to Miss Biddy Treakle, only daughter and heiress of the late Timothy Treakle, Esq. gingerbread-baker. After the ceremony was over, the new-married couple set out for their country-seat at *Marrow-Bone*.

Last Sunday the clerk of St. —'s parish was seized with a *singing in his head*, a little before sermon. He afterwards raved to some tune, and belaboured the congregation about the ears with two *slaves*, which he had selected from a great number for

for that purpose ; pretending it was *to the praise and glory of God.*

We hear the Commissioners of a certain turnpike have *made away* with the money which they had collected.

A. B. Observes, that, “ so great is the folly and inconsistency of mankind in general, people still continue, in violation of every kind of propriety in language, to be *buried at St. BRIDE's, and married at St. SEPULCHRE's.* Would it not (says our correspondent) be an equal contradiction in terms, to say, that a *Jewish Synagogue* was *established at St. Saviour's*; or that *St. Dunstan's* was become the *Devil Tavern?*”

C. D. informs us, that a new and elegant tavern is going to be opened in the city, with this motto on the sign, *Pro Bono Publicano.*

X. Y. Z. reflecting upon a letter which some time ago appeared in our paper, setting forth “ that a poor man might maintain himself comfortably upon 4d. or 3d. a day,”—says, that it puts him in mind of the story of a Frenchman, “ who formed a project of making his horse live upon little or no provender, and just when he had brought him to it, the creature died.”

LITERARY

LITERARY ARTICLE,
IN THE MANNER OF A CRITICAL REVIEW.

The last dying Speech and Confession, Birth, Parentage, and Education, Life, Character, and Behaviour, of the noted Bob Booty, *alias* Bloody Bob, who was executed this morning at Tyburn. To which is added a Copy of a Letter, which he sent to his Wife the night before his execution.— Single sheet, folio, price $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Printed for, and sold by the Street Booksellers in London and Westminster.

THIS elegant little work is adorned with a beautiful wooden frontispiece, representing the fatal catastrophe, in *Chiario Oscuro*. The drapery in particular of the Ordinary of Newgate's gown, is admirable.

The author very finely observes, in his moral introduction to this work, that “the pitcher, that goes often to the well, will be broke at last,” and concludes with this noble reflection, “He, who is born to be hanged, will never be drowned.” This, however, is not always true: for the hogs that were drowned in the inundation at Chelmsford, some years ago, were afterwards *bung up*, and, we are told, made excellent bacon.

This little history may be compared to a regular drama, in which is observed a *beginning*, a *middle*,

VOL. V.

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and

and an *end*. Our hero, it seems, was born of parents,—that is the *beginning*; he was seduced by lewd women,—that is the *middle*; he was hanged,—that is the *end*.

His dying speech is a master-piece of oratory, and we cannot help suspecting, that some parts of it must have been dictated by the *Ordinary* himself,—particularly the conclusion, in which the good people are so pathetically advised to take warning by his untimely end, and *not to go on Sundays to a church with a chimney in it.*

The letter to his wife is so very *affecting*, that we shall take the liberty of transcribing the whole of it, for the *entertainment* of our readers.

My dearest Wife,

AS I am going to launch into eternity, I hopes you will forgive your unhappy, who has been a most undutiful husband to you and your pore children.— Pray God bless us all, and our children after us, as long as we live—My dearest wife, dont be sadusid by bad women, which fartinly brings a man to destruction at last.—The Lord have marcy upon my pore sowle—my fiends, I hope, will take my body. So no more at presant from

Your loving husband tell death,

Condemnd Ole, Sept. 19.

ROBERT BOOTY.

FROM

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

JANUARY 23, 1776.

I HAVE had it in contemplation for several days past, to renew my correspondence with you, by writing a letter for the Public Advertiser ; and I should have immediately carried my intention into execution, had it not been for one ~~little~~ want that occurred to me, viz. the want of a subject : In short, I wished to write, but wanted something to write about. How frequently it falls out, that people stare around, and search about, for something that happens to lie immediately under their nose ! This was precisely my case : “ *Quod petis hic est,*” said I to myself, casting my eyes upon some news-papers which lay upon the table ; here is a subject for you,—write a letter about News-PAPERS : Having thus caught the idea, the rest followed of course.

News-papers now-a days are not what they were formerly, the dull repositories of the necessities and misfortunes of mankind ; mere folios of advertisements for things *lost* or *stolen*, *lett* or *wanted* : No, Sir, news-papers now are magazines, reviews, and political pamphlets : they are Spectators, Guardians, and (undeniably) Tatlers ; they are Ramblers, Adventurers, Idlers, Critics, and Connoisseurs.

H 2

News-papers

News-papers are the “*Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Times* ;” In short, a man knows nothing of what is going on in the world, (and consequently is fit for no company) unless he reads the news-papers.

There are many people however, who affect upon all occasions to cry down these most useful and most certain vehicles of intelligence : they generally talk in the most contemptuous manner, “*of news-paper INFORMATION*,” and “*news-paper AUTHORITY* :” Nay, some of them pretend to be totally unacquainted with any thing contained in the news-papers ; although they “read every paragraph and every essay, either during breakfast, or while the frizeur is adorning their empty noddle before dinner. For my own part, Mr. Printer, I will fairly confess, that I do not enjoy my tea in the morning, nor my punch at night, without the *usual accompaniments* of a news-paper.

By the assistance of the morning-papers, breakfast becomes a comfortable meal ; they prolong the repast, amuse the mind, and aid digestion ; but when there are no news-papers, the morning’s meal is hurried over in a most uncomfortable manner ; the tea is swallowed scalding hot, and the toast half masticated. Hence proceed crudities and indigestions, with a long train of disorders, too tedious and too nauseous to enumerate ; and all for want of that most salutary concomitant—a news-paper.

What

What is the reason, Mr. Woodfall, that *Sunday* appears so extremely dull to wicked wits, and people that don't go to church? The reason is plain; there are no news-papers published on that day: though for my own part, I can see no good reason, (since they are now become a necessary article of life) why they should not be sold on Sundays, as well as *milk* and *mackarel*.

I think I can remember a precedent of the highest (news-paper) authority, viz. the *Gazette*, being sometimes published on a Sunday: supposing therefore that this ministerial chronicle was to be published **ALWAYS** on Sundays: I do not absolutely assert, that it would much *enliven* the day, (for the ministry never give us any *wit* in the *Gazette*) but still it would be better than no publication at all: it would be setting an example, and establishing a precedent by authority.

It has been already proved, that news-papers contribute greatly to the health of the body natural; so do they also to that of the body politic. I do not talk of the immense sums which they bring into circulation, but literally and *bona fide* of their salutary effects on the constitution of this country. If Britons continue to enjoy constitutional freedom, after all their neighbours have lost it; if Britons have preserved their rights and privileges, and have handed

H 5

them

them down undiminished to their children, it is in a great measure owing to news-papers. Printers are the watchful guardians of our liberties, and news-papers are the *beacons* which convey to the most remote corners of the kingdom immediate intelligence of any hostile attack on our liberties. Thus the alarm is spread—the people are set on their guard—the violence is prevented, or the violator punished.

News-papers are likewise of great national benefit, inasmuch as they furnish those in power with many excellent *plans* and useful *hints* for the safety and good government of the state. I myself, Mr. Woodfall, have frequently (through the channel of the Public Advertiser) offered several excellent plans, and salutary hints: to which no doubt the Ministry always paid a proper attention, (though I confess, that none of them have ever told me so) and I cannot help thinking, that the great *improvements* in this metropolis, with the present flourishing state of our agriculture, arts, and commerce, are chiefly owing to myself, and some other public-spirited writers in the news-papers.

Notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of my own abilities in this way, attended with a consciousness of the most upright intentions, yet I cannot help perceiving, that there are *others* who possess this species of abilities in a more eminent degree, and who

who seem likewise to have more of the bustling activity, and enthusiasm of public spirit. I cannot give you a better nor a more striking instance, than my excellent friend and neighbour WILL WORTHY. Will is a very respectable citizen, who having acquired a genteel independence for *himself*, is now totally devoted to the service of the public. Instead of troubling his head about *grievances*, which perhaps do not exist, he endeavours by the mere force of his pen to rectify *real abuses*, to remove obstructions, and to *write down* public nuisances. In combating these monsters he has proceeded for several years past, with wonderful spirit and perseverance. Who does not remember the Devil's Gap ? that dangerous narrow pass, which had remained for ages the terror of the fair sex, and the disgrace of the *police* ! A lady of Will's acquaintance happening to be overturned there, and to have her arm broke, roused Will's indignation ; he took up the pen, and addressed the inhabitants of that quarter. In twelve months this dangerous pass was laid open ; for it took six months to open their minds.

Do you remember an old, useless, Gothic gateway which stood in King's-street opposite the Treasury, and looked like a wen or excrescence on the side of that elegant fabric—Whitehall ? It had stood there upwards of four hundred years ; Will wrote it down in less than four months.

Those old cumbering obstructions in the streets of London—the city gates, after an obstinate resistance, yielded to the powers of his pen ; and by *one dash* he turned the *sharp* corner of St. Paul's Church-yard quite **ROUND**.

Will has been long endeavouring to write down the brick-walls which *imprison* the two parks, and to write up a handsome iron rail. But this is likely to be a work of time ; for unfortunately those tasteless **opulent Goths** who inhabit Park-lane and Piccadilly, prefer the view of a *dead wall* to a **GREEN** lawn. Some of them, however, seem at last to open their eyes ; nature and true taste begin to dawn upon them, from several gaps and new rails. I perceive, that the admonitions of my friend Will are now listened to, and I hope they will operate at last on the *park* walls, like the trumpets of the priests on the **WALLS OF JERICHO**.

Will Worthy has a country-house at Greenwich ; and the park there being **IMMURED** like other parks, he has tried for some time to persuade the inhabitants to pull down a part of the *big* *wall*, and to substitute a rail : but alas ! they are so unfeeling, that he may *rail* long enough, before he can prevail upon them to *rail* in their turn, and in a *manner* **bashes 'em.**

But

But of all possible obstructions, that old destructive nuisance—London bridge—has proved the most stubborn, having withstood the attacks of my friend Will longer than old Troy did that of Achilles. Nevertheless, I am told he does not despair of success; on the contrary, he is resolved to continue playing upon it from his batteries in the news-papers, whilst the tides and the current proceed underneath by *sap*: and finally, he expects the assistance of a certain powerful ally, who is accustomed, like the PRUSSIAN MONARCH, to make *winter campaigns*; and will probably come with such a force, as to bear down every thing before him. In short, he expects this winter a large body of FLOATING ICE, to give it the finishing stroke.

Carriage-wheels are too important an article to have escaped his notice; he has added to their breadth, in order to preserve the roads; and he has raised the height of the fore-wheels, that we may travel with the greater expedition.

Many of the commodious new roads about this metropolis, are owing to hints which he has thrown out: indeed, he has not only pointed out *new ways*, but mended the *old*; and at one masterly stroke has improved both the *land* and *water* carriage, by taking the gravel from the bed of the Thames.

To conclude: if aldermen and water-bailiffs attend more to turtle feasts than the Thames navigation; if the commissioners of turnpikes neglect their *trust*; or the elder brethren of the Trinity-House are inclined to be *lethargic*, it is no fault of his; for he frequently gives them a jog.

In short, my friend WILL WORTHY has exceeded the fabulous heroes of old: his labours have outdone the *labours of Hercules*; and he has worked greater wonders with his *pen*, than ever AMPHION did with his *LYRE*.

All this, however, my friend never could have effected, but by the means of NEWS-PAPERS:—He who writes on a fugitive subject, can never find so ready and proper a vehicle for his thoughts, as a *fugitive publication*. A leaf, like the *Sybil's leaves*, is more precious than a volume. Books stand unmolested on our shelves, but Papers are for ever in our hands, and on our tables. A subject of little or no importance to-morrow, may nevertheless be of great consequence to-day; and the compiler of such a *diary* is, for the moment, the author of history. As to *truth*, the historian of the day perhaps dispenses more of it than the historian of after-times, who often adds to the lye of the day the lyes of succeeding generations.

To

To conclude, Mr. Woodfall, I am one of those who have always been convinced of the utility of news-papers, thinking that the services they render the public are more than sufficient to atone for their frequent and scandalous abuse ; and that is a *bold* word. As to *you*, Sir, I have always distinguished you from amongst your brethren on this principle ; you have exerted, on some occasions, the freedom of the press with great spirit and firmness : but your attacks have been made on public characters, not levelled at private individuals. You have not helped about the lame slander of a worthy family, or given wings to a malicious report of no consequence to the world in general, but calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of a few innocent particulars. While you maintain this honourable distinction, I shall remain your staunch friend, and a warm advocate for the merits of the *Public Advertiser* ; always wishing it to be honoured with *political* writers, as able and as eloquent as JUNIUS ; polite writers as elegant and humourous as your late friend BONNEL THORNTON ; and protectors as honest and ingenuous as WILL WORTHY.

I am, Mr. WOODFALL,
Your old Correspondent,
QUIDNUNC.

M A D N E S S.

A P O E M.

I.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the muses' fires !
 All thy answers, Echo, bring,
 Let the wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
 'Tis Madness self inspires.

II.

Hail, awful Madness, hail !
 Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
 Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
 Nor best, nor wisest are exempt from thee ;
 Folly—folly's only free.

III.

Hark !—To the astonish'd ear
 The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
 They now approach, they now appear,—
 Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
 And daemons dance around.—

IV.

Pride—ambition idly vain,
 Revenge, and Malice swell her train,—
 Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
 Hope in disappointment lost—

And

And injur'd Merit with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by Neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

V.

Loud the shouts of madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning—causeless mirth,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

VI.

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On Thulé's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming
hair.

VII.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

VIII.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;

Her

Her gentle breast no angry passion fires;
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires,
 She still retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same.—

Streaming eyes,
 Incessant sighs,
 Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair,
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows pastime sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequester'd steps intrude?

'Tis he,—the Momus of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain.
 Blanket rob'd, and antic crown'd,
 The mimic monarch skips around;
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
 Drawn from the inmost soul!

“ Give the knife, dæmons, or the poison'd bowl,
 “ To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—

—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—

Sunk in the emphacts of grief,

Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,

(Duteous daughter of the skies)

To warm and cheer the human mind,

To make men happy, good, and wise.—

To point, where fits, in love array'd,

Attentive to each suppliant call,

The God of universal aid,

The God, the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene;

'Till Superstition, fiend of wo,

Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,

And spread deep shades our view and heaven be-tween.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,

(His beams of mercy thrown aside)

With thunder arming his uplifted hands,

And hurling vengeance wide.

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,

And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

But

But ah! — too thick they croud — too close they
throng,

Objects of pity and affright!

Spare farther the descriptive song—

Nature shudders at the sight.—

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil.

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE NIGHT OF
THE ECLIPSE, JULY 30, 1776.

LO! where in full-orb'd glory bright,
Rises the silver queen of night,
Her destin'd course to run;
No envious clouds our view prevent,
So clear she shines, we scarce lament
The absence of the sun.

But, while unconscious of her fate,
She moves along in solemn state,
A sad reverse she feels;
For darkness drear, by slow degrees,
Begins her lovely form to seize,
And all her charms conceals.

Learn hence, dear maid, this moral truth,
Tho' cloudless shines thy early youth,
Unconscious of decay;

Yet

Yet while life's journey you pursue,
 Envy may blacken—even you,
 And cloud the brightest day.

AMUSEMENT IN MODERN HIGH LIFE.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat,
 Up starts his lordship—to the window flies,
 And lo ; ‘ a race ! a race !’ in rapture cries.
 ‘ Where !’ quoth Sir John. ‘ Why, see two drops of
 rain
 Start from the summit of the chrystral pane :
 A thousand pounds which drop, with nimblest force,
 Performs its current down the slipp'ry course.
 The betts were fix'd, in dire suspence they wait
 For victory, pendent on the nod of fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
 But, ah ! the glitt'ring joys of life are short ;
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport !
 So thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.
 Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd :
 How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost !

DESCRIP-

**DESCRIPTION OF AMERICA, IN REFERENCE TO
ITS PAST AND PRESENT STATE.**

WRITTEN IN 1777.

SO RROW was a stranger here ;
Distant far the mourner's voice ;
Plenty rob'd the smiling year ;
Rapture bid my swains rejoice.

Where her harp Contentment strung,
Pity's sighs are heard to flow ;
Scenes that loud with rapture rung,
Gloom a wilderness of wo.

Chearful from the kindling east,
Rush the gold-hair'd youth of day :
Blest the vale, the mountain blest,
Triumph'd in the genial ray.

Now each hill and vale forlorn,
Desolation's haunt appears ;
Clouded, dim, the eye of morn
Wakes upon the waste in tears.

Dumb the minstrels of the grove,
Music glads no more the dale :
Sad the breeze, that breath'd of love,
Swell's of death a hollow gale.

Safety

Safety slept in ev'ry field,
 Fear had Night's pale empire fled ;
 Now, with tyger-crouch conceal'd,
 Danger lurks in every shade.

L I F E.

A N O D E.

STRANGE state of wishes, hopes and fears,
 Of disappointments, smiles and tears,
 Where man pursues, with anxious mind,
 The treasure he can seldom find ;
 Since disappointment more or less,
 Attends his search of happiness.
 It is a phantom that escapes,
 And cheats him in a thousand shapes.
 Now beauty's winning graces wears,
 And now in Mammon's form appears ;
 Anon the hero's pomp assumes,
 The flowing robes, the nodding plumes ;
 To fame invites with brandish'd sword,
 Then wooes him at the festive board,
 With fools and madmen to possess.
 The fancy'd pleasures of excess :
 In facerdotal habit here,
 A patriot now, and now a peer ;
 A nabob now, with heart of stone,
 And now a monarch on his throne ;

Yet

Yet none of them, alas ! supplies
The happiness for which he sighs.
'Tis not in pomp, 'tis not in pow'r,
'Tis not in folly's mirthful hour ;
'Tis not in luxury's excess,
'Tis not in vain desire's success ;
It is not in a bed of down,
It is not in a monarch's crown ;
'Tis not in misers' coffers found,
Nor on the hero's temple bound ;
'Tis not in circles of the vain,
Nor in the fierce oppressor's chain ;
'Tis not in what keeps man in awe,
The endless puzzle of the law ;
'Tis not in distant climes convey'd,
Nor deep in earth, with diamonds laid ;
'Tis not in all the gems that deck
The favourite Sultana's neck ;
It dwells not on the harlot's face ;
It dwells not in the lov'd embrace ;
'Tis not to worldly friendship ty'd,
Nor by the flatterer's tongue supply'd ;
It breathes not in the fragrant gale,
It rests not in the spicy dale ;
'Tis not in sweetest notes convey'd,
Tho' wafted from the ambrosial shade ;
Nor can bright beauty by the eye,
Its essence to the foul supply ;

'Tis

'Tis not the hearing, touch, or sight,
 Can give us this supreme delight :
 It is in God alone we find
 This panacea of the mind ;
 He gives new fragrance to the rose,
 New sweetness to each bud that blows ; -
 New vigour to the sunny beam,
 New lustre to the lucid stream ;
 New softness to the cooing dove,
 New ardour to the voice of love ;
 Without his presence all is dim,
 For ev'ry blessing comes from him.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

BY CAPT. T——.

OF Roman empresses the heads and tails,
 Seem to have set the fashion which prevails ;
 Our very chambermaids appear Faustinas,
 And ladies in high life are Messalinas.

A T A L E.

DEEP in the bosom of a vale,
 (The opening of each rural tale)
 Far from the court's or city's pride,
 A pair had liv'd,—and there had died,
 But for a sad variety
 Of strange events, which to foresee,

Or

Or guard against the consequence,
 Defied their prudence and good sense :
 Content, tho' neither chick nor child,
 Their winter's evening had beguil'd,
 This pair for many rolling years
 Liv'd undisturb'd by hopes or fears ;
 While this, the summit of their labour,
 To aid the poor, and please their neighbour,
 Bless'd pair ! till from the nuptial bed,
 In time's sad process came, and spread
 Confusion scarcely to be told,
 A daughter of distinguished mould.
 Friends and acquaintance, far and near,
 To share their joy partook their cheer,
 Saw blessings in abundant store
 In future throng their festive door ;
 Saw the main current of their blood
 By heralds blazon'd from the flood,
 Descending in a right relation
 Down to the gen'ral conflagration.
 While nurse prophetic next appears,
 Foretelling from its eyes and ears
 The bloody rivalship of neighb'ring peers.
 The tenor of their life is chang'd—
 Their passions, which before arrang'd
 To suit the comforts of a country-life,
 Jar by degrees, and kindle strife.

" When }

" When Betty gets into her teens,
 " We must find ways, my dear, and means
 " To give our wench an education
 " Adapted to her age and station.
 " She must be taught the tongue of France,
 " To draw, to paint, to sing, and dance.
 " With all the little train of graces
 " Which sheds a lustre on fair faces,
 " And has the magic pow'r alone
 " To make an ugly one go down.
 " Waggons, my love, with pond'rous loads
 " Have roll'd delightfully the roads :
 " The ways are easy, but the means
 " To bear us through such high-flown scenes
 " Calls for much caution and some care ;
 " And time, my jewel, to prepare.
 " Betty, thank heav'n ! is yet too young
 " To exercise her foot or tongue.
 " What havock wou'd the little wench
 " Yet make with singing, or with French !
 " In time—the husband's backward phrase,
 " Expressive of demurs, delays,
 " Which lawyers always substitute
 " To lengthen out a chanc'ry suit,
 " Sunk deep into the mother's breast,
 " And robb'd it of its balmy rest :
 " 'Till the rose ficken'd on her cheek,
 " And nature fainting strove to speak—

" The

" The girl apart, consult your credit,
 " Nor was I, Sir, the first who said it ;
 " For instances, look all around,
 " There's not a creature to be found
 " (Save the poor curate and attorney,
 " But takes each year a London journey.
 " Besides, I'll make it clear and plain,
 " Its cheaper, vastly, in the main,
 " Since country things so dear are grown)
 " To live six months at least in town :
 " Here ev'ry booby from your betters,
 " The ragged postman with your letters,
 " The butcher, carpenter, and baker,
 " Ne'er enter, but to be partaker,
 " Of what the manor-house affords,
 " And are themselves in fact the lords ;
 " While you, by usage long inur'd,
 " Are little else, my dear, than steward.
 " In town, the butcher from his tray,
 " Slips off the beef, and steps away ;
 " Nor are you open to abuses,
 " From servants, with their lord's excuses.
 " Besides—enough, 'tis mighty clear,
 " To town we go, this very year—
 " And here observe me, and with heed
 " Our income we must ne'er exceed—
 " Agreed, my dear, agreed, agreed."

Then

Then casting up a night's expences,
 From horrid customs and pretences,
 Of ev'ry creature on the road,
 That helps you to unpack or load,
 The beds, the chambermaid, the dinner,
 —He thought the devil must be in her;
 But she cou'd prove there's nothing lost
 To families by running post,
 So leaving strait the blacks behind,
 (For one was lame, the other blind)
 She instances of taste displays,
 Preferring thus a job of bays
 To blacks, fit only for the drays.
 But to save money, she'd contrive
 A stratagem that John might drive.
 Arriv'd, they've nothing now to seek,
 But an house furnish'd by the week.

My moral's trite,—in ev'ry station,
 Progressive is each innovation,
 Connected by an endless chain
 Of small expences, which in vain
 Experience labours to explain:
 Parts of one whole, that when you think
 You see the last, another link
 Starts up, to challenge still your care,
 To make the gaping rabble stare.
 But let the muse her tale pursue,
 And tho' she tells him nothing new,

The reader profits, while he reads,
How artfully the chain proceeds.

The carriage at their wedding built,
Painted, tho' not in taste, and gilt,
By little use and country care,
Was found to be in good repair,
And glisten'd at their annual fair.

No sooner was it drawn to town,
Than old and out-of-fashion grown :
Madam in doleful dolour finds,
Her only comfort in the blinds.

But who shou'd deck the rising fair ?
Who trim the robe, or rear the hair ?
Fame mention'd Bouvila or Shells,
Backward to say which most excels ;
Lemon the ladies too delight on,
For conquests he conferr'd on Brighton.
Betfy, whose hair but little grown,
Started at tresses not her own,
When Bouvila, " See, madam, Tyburn
Supplies our ladies that are high born,
With auburn or with any tresses,
Quite fragrant in their warm caresses ;
Which with a mixture of black wool,
Are found to keep the head so cool—
For warmth, the sages all determine,
Impregnates ev'ry sort of vermin,

"Tis

'Tis done—and from this hour begins
 The punishment for all their sins—
 The cap stuck o'er with butterflies,
 Strait sweeps the cobwebs from the skies :
 Horses, and ev'ry kind of cattle,
 Emblems of peace with those of battle,
 Cannons with olive-boughs combin'd,
 Farm-yards and myrtles are entwin'd,
 To charm the eye, instruct the mind.
 She steps into the coach compleat,
 Turns up the cushion of the seat,
 But all in vain—by near three feet.
 What's to be done ?—A thousand ways
 The mind suggests—the top they raise,
 Expedient easiest to be tried,
 Th' effect too plain to be denied :
 When John, “ and may your honour please
 To raise the roof of your remise,
 Or ne'er expect the coach to enter
 Where you originally sent her :
 Nor can I reach to clean the top”—
 “ What, will the blockhead never stop ! ”
 Cries madam, ent'ring in a terror
 Lest John, by some untoward error,
 Should mar her schemes, so strait proposes
 A new Berlin done round with roses,

That Foster, famous in the Acre,
Should give a plan, and be the maker.

Needless the reader to detain,
While other instances explain,
In ev'ry day, in ev'ry hour,
The progress of fell Fashion's power;
How from the structure of the head,
Insensibly the party's led,
By treach'rous arts, and slow degrees,
To ruin of their fame and ease.

In sacred matters too you'll find
The same contagion in the mind.
Religion, in our riper years,
Can awe us with its hopes and fears;
Can keep us within proper bounds,
'Till Fashion enters, and confounds;
And tells us it is mighty hard—
And where's the harm to throw a card
On Sabbaths, as on other days—
'Tis better sure than reading plays,
Or talking o'er your neighbour's sin,
When you are just as black within.

Feware how you o'erleap this fence,
Approv'd by Decency and Sense;
For it has this attendant curse,
It strangely leads to something worse,
And is progressive as—my verse:

{

For

For I can see my readers think
They ne'er shall reach the furthest link.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

HOR. WHILE in my Lydia's heart I reign'd,
E'er yet that heart had learnt to stray,
All other empire I disdain'd,
Nor envied Jove his prouder sway.

LYD. While Horace was to Lydia true,
E'er yet you thought these charms could cloy,
A brighter Jove I found in you,
And pitied Juno's poorer joy.

HOR. Now, at my Chloe's feet I pine,
Whose voice confirms her beauty's sway;
Blest, if this forfeit life of mine
Could add to her's one fleeting day.

LYD. No more by jarring passions tost,
I bend to Calais' gentle pow'r;
Blest, if my life in torments lost,
Could add to his one fleeting hour..

HOR. Say, should I still for Lydia burn,
Were all my love to her transferr'd,
Would Lydia welcome its return?
Would she forget how oft it err'd?

LYD. Tho' he is gentle as he's fair,
 Thou, fickle as wild winter's breath,
 Pleas'd with my Horace would I share
 'The storms of life, and calm of death.'

**TO A LADY, WHO WAS OFTEN EMPLOYED IN
 READING MR. GIBBON'S HISTORY OF THE DE-
 CLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

THO' angels doubtless might delight
 Gibbon's polish'd style to write,
 If angels wrote at all :
 Yet Delia, why so keen to know,
 A dozen centuries ago,
 What made great empires **FALL ?**

Those empires as appear to us
 In Gibbon, Livy, Tacitus,
 By Vice were undermin'd :
 Had they by Virtue been sustain'd,
 Like Delia they had still retain'd
 Their empire o'er mankind !

CELE*

CELEBRATED SONNET OF MONSIEUR BERNARD.

LA ROSE.

TENDRE fruit des pleurs de l'aurore,
 Objet des Baisers de Zéphir ;
Reine de l'Empire de Flore,
 Hate-toi de t'épahouir.

Que dis-je ? helas ! différe encore,
 Différe un moment de t'ouvrir :
El'instant qui doit te faire éclore,
 Est celui qui doit te flétrir.

Théâtre est une fleur nouvelle,
 Qui doit subir la même loi :
Rose, tu doi's briller comme elle ;
 Elle doit passer comme toi.

Descends de ta tige épineuse ;
 Viens la parer de tes couleurs ;
Tu dois être la plus heureuse,
 Comme la plus belle des fleurs.

Va, meurs sur le sein de Thémire,
 Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau ;
Jalous de ton sort, je n'aspire
 Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.

Tu verras quelque jour, peut être,
 L'Asyle où tu dois pénétrer ;
 Un soupir t'y fera renaître,
 Si Thémire peut-soupirer.

L'Amour aura soin de t'instruire
 De côté que tu dois pénétrer ;
 Eclate à ses yeux sans leur nuire ;
 Pare son sein sans le cacher.

Si quelque main a l'imprudence
 D'y venir troubler ton repos,
 Emporté avec toi ma vengeance,
 Garde une épine à mes rivaux.

T R A N S L A T E D.

FLOW'R that Zephyr fond caresses,
 Sprung from tears by morning shed,
 Brightest flow'r that Flora dresses,
 Now thy blushing beauties spread.

Yet, so soon thy glowing treasures,
 Flaunt not to the garish sun ;
Oh ! too transient are such pleasures,
 Scarce we view them ere they're gone !

Cælia

F G: J

Celia is a bud new blooming,
Thou, like her, now boast'st thy prime ;
But ere long, that prime consuming,
She, like thee, must yield to Time !

Quit, O Rose ! thy thorny mansion ;
Gladly with the nymph abide ;
O'er her bosom's fair expansion,
Lavish all thy purple pride !

There, the snow-white heav'n admiring,
Breathe thy fragrant life away ;
While, with jealousy expiring,
Behold thy dear decay !

Such the bliss kind Fate may give thee ;
And, when on her breast you die,
She with sighs shall soon revive thee ;
If that breast can heave a sigh !

Then, as partial love's revealing,
To which orb thou shalt incline ;
O ! adorn without concealing !
O ! offend not as you shine !

And, should'st thou by some rude lover,
Thence with envious rage be torn ;
Let the daring wretch discover,
Vengeance lurks beneath thy thorn !

Le Déflement de la Guerre, ou la Philosophie des Heros :

P O E M E,

Ecrit par sa Majesté le Roi de PRUSSE, pendant son Séjour à BRESLAU.

L'AMOUR se soutient par l'espoir,
 Le zèle par la récompense,
 L'autorité par le pouvoir,
 La foiblesse par la prudence,
 Le crédit par la probité,
 La santé par la tempérance,
 L'esprit par le contentement,
 Le contentement par l'aisance,
 L'aisance par l'arrangement.

Plus de douceur que de beauté,
 Me semble aux filles nécessaire,
 Plus d'éclat que de vérité
 Dans un auteur ne me plaît gueres.
 Pout être heureux, il faut avoir,
 Plus de vertu que de savoir,
 Plus d'amitié que de tendresse,
 Plus de conduite que d'esprit,
 Plus de santé que de richesse,
 Plus de repos que de profit.

Petit

Petit bien, qui ne doive rien,
 Petit jardin, petit table,
 Petit minois, qui m'aime bien,
 Sont pour moi choses délectables.
 J'aime à trouver, quand il fait froid,
 Grand feu dans un petit endroit.
 Les délicats font grande chére,
 Quand on leur sert, dans un repas,
 De grands vins dans un petit verre,
 De grands mets dans de petits plats.
 Il résulte de ce langage,
 Qu'il ne faut jamais rien de trop !
 Que de sens renferme ce mot !
 Qu'il est judicieux et sage !
 Trop de repos nous engourdit,
 Trop de fracas nous étourdit,
 Trop de froideur est indolence,
 Trop d'activité turbulence ;
 Trop d'amour trouble la raison,
 Trop de remède est un poison,
 Trop de finesse est artifice,
 Trop de rigueur est dureté,
 Trop d'économie avarice,
 Trop d'audace témérité ;
 Trop de bien devient un fardeau,
 Trop d'honneur est un esclavage,
 Trop de plaisir méne au tombeau,
 Trop d'esprit nous porte dommage :

Trop de confiance nous perd,
 Trop de franchise nous dessert ;
 Trop de bonté devient foiblesse,
 Trop de fierté devient hauteur,
 Trop de complaisance basseſſe,
 Trop de politesse fadeur.
 Ce trop pourroit, à bien le prendre,
 Aſément changer en bien ;
 Cela vient faute de s'entendre,
 Le tout ſouvent dépend d'un rien.

Un rien eſt de grande importance,
 Un rien produit de grands effets ;
 En amour, en guerre, en procès,
 Un rien fait pancher la balance.
 Un rien nous pouſſe auprès des grands,
 Un rien nous fait aimer des belles,
 Un rien fait ſortir nos talents,
 Un rien dérange nos cervelles.
 D'un rien de plus, d'un rien de moins,
 Dépend le succès de nos foins :
 Un rien flatte quand on espéré,
 Un rien trouble lorsqu'on craint.
AMOUR ! ton feu ne dure guères ;
 Un rien l'allume, un rien l'éteint !

FREDERICK.

E P I.

E P I G R A M S.

WHAT always gaming night and day,

Said Sylvia to her brother,

Will you ne'er leave it off, I pray ?

Dear Sister, yes—some time or other ;
I'll throw the dice and cards aside,

Whenever you coquetting cease.

Go, naughty man, Sylvia reply'd,

Thou'l be a gamester all thy days.

WHEN wedded Nan was brought to-bed,

She scream'd and roar'd with pain ;

She'd rather die a maid, she said,

Was it to do again.

Pray have a little patience,

And say, why now this pother ?

Before your marriage you could tell,

What 'twas to be a mother.

YOU want you say something in verse,

That's easy, pretty, light and terse :

The recipe is good, no doubt :

But pray, into what chemist's shop

Am I my needy head to pop,

To find those scarce ingredients out ?

VERSES

VERSES ON SEEING A BOY WALK ON STILTS.

BY ——.

LEAVING his grammar for his play,
 Forgetful of the road ;
Tott'ring on stilts, thro' mire and dirt,
 The school-boy strolls abroad.
Why does this innocent delight
 Provoke the pedant's spleen ?
Look round the world, thou fool, and see
 The use of this machine.
The tricking statesman, prop'd by these,
 His virtues boasts aloud ;
And on his gilded stilts, sublime,
 Steps o'er the murmuring crowd.
Thro' fields of blood the general stalks,
 And fame fits on his hilt ;
The sword or gun at length bestows
 An honourable stilt.
When quite deserted by the muse,
 The sinking sonneteer
Hammers in vain a thoughtless verse,
 To please Belinda's ear :
The mighty void of wit he stops
 With a successful chime ;
On stilts poetic rises quick,
 And leans upon his rhyme.

With

With well-dissembled anguish, see —
 The canting rascal beg,
 And by a counterfeit gain more
 Than by a real leg.
 Yet on the boy's instructive sport,
 Is this contrivance built :
 The source from whence his gains arise,
 What is it, but a stilt ?
 Corinna fair, of stature low,
 Yet, this defect supplies,
 By heels, like stilts, which may assist
 The conquest of her eyes.
 See ! in his second childhood faint,
 The old man walks with pain ;
 On crutches imitates his stilts,
 And acts the boy again.
 So well concerted is this art,
 It suits with all conditions :
 Heroes, and ladies, beggars, bards,
 And boys, and politicians.
 Long thro' the various course of life,
 Each artist walks unhurt,
 'Till death at last kicks up his stilts,
 And lays him in the dirt.

E P I.

EPIGRAM.

ON A FAST DURING THE WAR.

TO fast for our sins!—Why 'tis decent enough;
 But to fast for success on our arms is—mere stuff;
 It may likewise be healthy,—set the stomach quite
 right;
 But I wish it would give us a stomach to fight.

A. B. has sent us the following lines, which he transcribed from a pane of glass at the King's Head, at Dorking:—

To five and five, and fifty-five,
 The first of letters add;
 It is a thing has pleas'd a King,
 And made a wise man mad.

We are not fond of inserting rebusses, but there is something so whimsical in the above, that we hope our graver readers will excuse it.

EXTEMPORÉ,

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

ALL conq'ring cruel death, more hard than rocks,
 Thou shouldest have spar'd the *Wolfe* and took the
Fox.

ON

ON THE SCOTCH PAVEMENT.

HAD paving London streets in taste
 Been left to me alone,
 On Scotchmen's heads we might have trod,
 And B—e the corner-stone.

M E R C Y:

A N E S S A Y:

ON THE FREQUENCY AND CRUELTY OF PUBLIC
 EXECUTIONS.

MOST HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE KING.

— The quality of Mercy is not stain'd,
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
 Upon the place beneath — it is twice bless'd,
 It blesses him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch, better than his crown ;
 It is an attribute to God himself —
 And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
 When Mercy seasons Justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE author of the following lines most sincerely
 regrets, that his abilities are by no means equal to
 the undertaking — yet willing to enforce the impres-
 sion.

tion of a melancholy truth, that the lives of men are too often wantonly sacrificed to the severity of the law ; he has endeavoured strongly to mark the cruelty and horror of those public executions, for which England is remarkably famed, beyond all other nations—With sorrow he adds, he has small hopes of moving those breasts, untouched by the eloquence of a Beccaria,—whose arguments, (nay more than arguments) whose truths have had little effect on unfeeling man.

Should the punishment of death be laid aside, (it may be demanded) what shall be done with the crowd of wretches that fall under the sentence of the law ? At present, I shall on this point only throw together a few loose hints, 'till some effectual scheme be planned :—Transportation would take off great numbers ; others might many ways be disposed of, to the advantage of the kingdom. Some, sentenced as in Germany, to work in mines ; others might be employed in many trades prejudicial to the life of man ; and yet, which interest tempts our youth to undertake—one great cause of depopulation ; such trades are, the blowing of glass, melting of lead, and preparing white lead, &c. &c. Criminals convicted of less crimes, might be chained in His Majesty's dock-yards, and condemned to saw wood.

wood for a term of years, or employed in repairing the high-roads, &c. &c.

To the above plan of punishment, one objection has long been made, that no man in this free country can be treated as a slave. To this I reply, (tho' the absurdity of the argument scarcely needs the trouble of refutation) That every debtor in England is actually a slave, and every reputed felon, actually confined with a rigour unknown to slavery, even before his guilt is proved.—If the laws of freedom will allow the innocent to be chained in a damp dungeon, sure they may allow the guilty to be chained out of prison. But entirely to enerve the objection, a bill might be proposed—purporting, that, whenever an individual in such and such points, violates the laws, from that instant he is no longer entitled to their protection; consequently no more a freeman, he becomes an outlaw, and as such may be treated as a slave. This method would not only punish the vice, but the cause of the vice also; for 'tis a fact, most vicious inclinations proceed from idleness; and to an idle man, perpetual labour is infinitely more dreadful than death. The example would be a constant and miserable one, to deter others from the commission of those crimes, the consequences of which were, a terrible, a perpetual punishment.

Russia.

Russia, Tuscany, and Naples, have reformed their sanguinary laws, and set a noble example to other kings and kingdoms ; they have restrained the sword of cruel justice, nor have crimes in those states, since that period, been observed to multiply.

To a monarch, justly famed for the noblest of all virtues, Mercy, I have presumed to address the following lines ;—May his heart be open to the call of humanity, and his ears attentive to the voice of despair !—Let him turn his eyes from the splendour of the throne, to the gloom of the dungeon !—there let him view the unhappy victims of severe and unrelenting law, torn trembling, frantic, to the place of execution !—let him feel, let him speak, and murder, authorized by law, shall cease !—How then would posterity bless a George's reign ! how would future historians celebrate the royal philosopher, who, instructed by Reason and Mercy, reformed a barbarous and sanguinary code of laws !

TO THE KING.

A Youth,—the meanest of the muse's train,
To thee, dread Sire, presents this artless strain !
Humbly he hopes—the first and best of kings,
Will deign to listen to the truth he sings.
When heav'n decreed you to adorn a throne,
Justice and Mercy mark'd you for their own ;

And

And spite of faction's voice, it is confess'd,
 That while you reign, Britannia must be bleſſ'd.
 Yet ſad ſhe mourns,—and has for mourning cause,
 A slave to ſtern and ſanguinary laws.
 See in the dungeon's gloom, and dreary cell,
 The ſons of ſorrow and repen-tance dwell ;
 While with ſwift ſtep draws on the fatal hour,
 Which yields them vi-ci-mis to the law's ſtern pow'r.
 For what ſmall crimes, our laws un-pitying doom
 These hapless wretches to th' eternal tomb !
 Yet one great Pow'r, all-fee-ing, and all-ju-ſt,
 Form'd them and you from the ſame worthless dust ;
 Endow'd you both with rea-ſon and with ſenſe,
 To chance alone you owe the di-ference.

Of want impa-tient, and of ſpirit fierce,
 The wretch, * who on the heath demands my purſe ;
 Had he in higher rank been plac'd by fate,
 Had been ſome god-like hero, brave and great ;
 Tho' now by all despiſ'd, his country's ſhame,
 He then had been the fav'rite child of fame ;
 Some Cæſar, by th' enraged gods employ'd,
 He greatly then whole kingdoms had deſtroy'd.

The wretch who ſkill'd in fraud, unskill'd in law,
 Cheats the unfeeling miser of a straw : †

* The cha-rac-ters of a Turpin or M———, of a Rice or H———, differ little.

† Many have been ex-ecuted for the moft trifling forgeries.

(For

(For which so trivial, and so slight offence,
 He dies ; a most unequal recompence !)
 Had he in higher rank been plac'd by fate,
 Had been some Machiavel, and rul'd the state.—
 Forgive, dread Sire, judge not my muse too free,
 I plead a noble cause—Humanity ;
 Mercy, that meek-ey'd maid, my song indites,
 And what she prompts, her feeling poet writes.

Was I a monarch—ere I sign'd the word
 That gave the victim to the law's sharp sword,
 Thus l'd reflect—This man, perchance, has felt
 Wrongs—such as would the firmest virtue melt ;
 Perchance, indignant felt his spirits bow
 Beneath a weight of undeserved woe ;
 Has seen his much-lov'd wife, his children lie,
 Wasted by grief and pining poverty :
 Then would I listen to mild Mercy's voice,
 Unlock his chains, and bid despair rejoice.

Let blood for vengeance call, let murderers die,
 And the curs'd villain stain'd with perjury. *

Why the poor wretch †, who by fond nature led,
 Steals for his starving child one crust of bread ?

* Tis

* By perjury is meant bearing false witness against the innocent, with a premeditated design to take away their lives.

† Wednesday, February 15th, 1775, William Morley was executed at Tyburn, for robbing John Head, a farmer's boy, of six pence ;

Tis thine—dread Sire, each circling year to save
 A thousand wretches from th' untimely grave ;
 O glorious pow'r ! which kings alone enjoy,
 Like God to pardon, not like man destroy.

E'er since I trod this pilgrimage of woe,
 Man have I mark'd, of man the bitterest foe ;
 His nature prone to ill, averse to good,
 Relentless, savage, thirsting after blood :
 Invented soon the gibbet, rack, and wheel,
 The flaming faggot, and the torturing steel.
 Here let me paint scenes of such horrid woe,
 That man, unfeeling as he is, may pity know.—
 Where * with the gentle waves of placid Soane,
 Unites th' impetuous stream of snow-fed Rhone ;
 On the dire scaffold plac'd, a youth † I saw,
 The hapless victim of inhuman law—
 By the rude torture, every nerve unstrung,
 His limbs distorted and disjointed hung ;

pence ; at the same time were executed Thomas Free, and John Brown, for robbing a man of six shillings.—N. B. Morley had a good character, and was universally pitied.

* Lyons.

† This execution, or rather this scene of infernal cruelty, was actually performed at Lyons, in the year 1770, on a youth of twenty-five, convicted of murdering his father ;—he deserved death,—but could any crime merit such wanton torture ? or could any but devils inflict, or order it to be inflicted ?

His

His hand disfever'd, on a spear they bore,
 And from his mouth his quiv'ring tongue they tore :
 Bound on the wheel, each slow repeated stroke,
 His mangled limbs with keenest anguish broke ;
 There left expos'd, twelve ling'ring hours he lay,
 To phrenzy, horror, and despair, a prey.
 Ye, who by bloodshed, keep your slaves in awe,
 Ye stern interpreters of barbarous law,—
 Say, why these torments ? do they merit death ?—
 Take by the gentlest means their forfeit breath :
 When we behold a man such torture prove,
 His crimes forgot, his sufferings pity move.

Where dwell Helvetia's sons, a martial race,
 Yet rude and savage, as their native place ;
 Far in a vale—their liv'd a gentle maid, *
 Whose easy faith some flattering youth betray'd ;
 Pregnant—her father's cot, she hapless fled
 To the lone woods, by fear and madness led ;

* This unfortunate girl had no intention to murder her child, nor did she,—it being found and preserved : It is to be observed, an abandoned profligate will never destroy her child ; she has no reputation to lose ; it is the timorous and modest only.—The Hospital des Infants Trouvées at Paris receives all children, without any questions or exceptions, and there is not (I believe) an instance of a bastard's being murdered in that metropolis, since the institution of that charity.—What a shame ! that our Foundling Hospital is rendered useless, by the avarice of —— !

Deliver'd

Deliver'd there—frantic, despairing, wild,
 Expos'd to chance and heav'n, she left her child ;
 For this she died, the law was too severe—
 Pity on her sad grave drops many a tear.—

Fell Superstition, in Religion's * name,
 First dar'd to light the sanguinary flame ;
 And arm'd with terror, and the church's rod,
 Pleaded the order of an injur'd God.
 No sex, no age it spar'd, but millions † gave
 Deluded victims, to th' insatiate grave.

Till mild Philosophy's instructive page
 Enlighten'd more and more each rising age ;
 By slow degrees, pure Reason's radiant light,
 Dispers'd of ignorance, the gloomy night :
 From the fair day stern Persecution fled,
 In the convent's gloom conceal'd her head ;
 As much reluctant the curs'd fiend retires,
 She yields her sword, and quenches all her fires.

Then Beccaria rose,—immortal name,
 Enroll'd for ever in the list of fame :

* It is to be observed, that religion, not much to the honour of its ministers, first used the horrid punishment of fire—and to the inquisition we owe the invention of most instruments of torture.

“ Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum !”

† Witness the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, at Paris ; of the Protestants, in Ireland ; of the hapless natives of America, &c.

He dar'd to plead for innocence distress'd,
 For hapless man by cruel laws oppress'd.
 When those who've triumph'd in the bloody plain,
 Have wasted kingdoms, and have millions slain ;
 Their day's of rapine, and of murder past,
 To death their laurels shall resign at last ;
 When they by the much injur'd world forgot,
 Shall in some ruin'd tomb neglected rot ;
 Then thy fair name—if Mercy aught can give,
 Shall in man's grateful mind for ever live.—
 Thee—they'll adore, their guardian and their friend,
 Who bade inhuman law to Mercy bend ;
 Thee—who to man's astonish'd mind display'd
 The wanton havock cruel Justice made ;
 Lavish of blood, her sword she wildly dealt,
 Its bitter edge wrong'd innocence oft' felt,
 'Till Mercy hast'ning from the pitying skies,
 Millions to save—bid Beccaria rise.
 He spoke, and bid the sons of grief rejoice ;
 He spoke, and farthest Russia heard his voice :
 From the proud Baltic to the Euxine Bay,
 Blest climes ! which own a Catharine's gentle sway.
 No more death triumph's leagu'd with law—no more
 The sword of justice reeks distain'd with gore.
 Mercy, in barbarous Moscow rais'd the throne,
 And call'd the happy regions round her own.

Thence

Thence spread to where with every beauty grac'd,
 'Midst happiest climes Parthenope * is plac'd;
 Where on fair Baize's ever peaceful shore,
 No tempests howl, no wild waves furious roar ;
 She bade stern Law depart the realms of Peace,
 And Justice rob'd in blood — her slaughter cease.
 Where'er mild Mercy came, by Reason led,
 Fell Persecution and dark Vengeance fled ;
 Far let them fly — meek nymph, thy gentle reign,
 Extend o'er mourning Albion's sea-girt plain ;
 With conquest, glory, arts, and riches bless'd,
 She mourns by laws, inhuman laws oppress'd.
 Each day — she views her sons condemn'd to death,
 To the stern sentence yield their struggling breath.
 Shall barbarous Russia, shall proud Naples show
 What Albion, fam'd for Mercy, ought to do ?
 'Tis thine, dread Sire ! whose mild and generous
 breast
 Feels for the wretch, and pities the distress'd ;
 'Tis thine — to soothe the horrid shrieks of woe,
 To bid the streams of blood no longer flow —
 Speak, and thy voice th' impending sword shall stay ;
 Speak, and thy voice retards the fatal day.

* Since the publishing Baccaria's book, no criminal has been executed either in Russia, or Tuscany, and few in Naples; yet crimes have not been found to encrease.

Inspir'd by Mercy—at thy feet I fall,
 For no one friend I plead—I plead for all ;
 For all—whom the stern law may henceforth doom
 To the sad horrors of an early tomb.

Let me not vainly plead—cou'd my weak song,
 That rolls its languid numbers rude along,
 Paint with the life and fire the theme requires,
 All that mild Mercy in my soul inspires ;
 Still—as I sketch'd these scenes of horrid woe,
 From thy full eyes, the generous tears would flow.
 Tho' all enervate—may these lines have force,
 To stay off death by law, the rapid course ;
 My labour's paid, should they, perchance, ere save
 One hapless victim from th' untimely grave.

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

Senatores nostros cum Nautis comparare, quid vetat?

CICERO DE ORAT.

SIR,

I am just returned from a Tour through the Sea-Port-Towns in the Channel. Inclosed I send you all the *Ship News* I have been able to pick up, and desire it may be communicated to the Public through your paper.

I am, SIR,

Your old Correspondent,

Q U I D N U N C .

IN-

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

S H I P N E W S.

PORTSMOUTH, April 20, 1765.

YESTERDAY, during a thick fog, the *Weaver's Delight*, Capt. Bloomsbury ; the *Gentle Shepherd*, Capt. Budget ; the *Sadler*, Capt. Dunk ; and the *True Friend*, Capt. Twitcher, run foul of the *Royal George* guard-ship on the MOTHER Bank, and returned into the harbour in a shattered condition.

May 15. This morning we had a terrible squall in the harbour, by the violence of which, the *Fox*, Capt. Holland ; the *Irish Darling*, Capt. Percy ; and the *Superbe*, Capt. Mackenzie, were driven from their moorings, and forced out to sea.

July 1. CLEARED OUTWARDS, the *Weaver's Delight*, the *Gentle Shepherd*, the *Sadler*, and the *True Friend* ; with the *St. Patrick*, Capt. Hillsborough ; the *Blenheim*, Capt. Marlborough ; the *Trentham*, Capt. Gower ; the *Sweepstakes*, Capt. Weymouth ; the *Gimcrack*, Capt. Bolingbroke ; the *Bristol*, Capt. Nugent ; the *Toper*, Capt. Rigby ; the *Doublefee*, Capt. Bulface ; and the *Devil's-Gap*, Capt. Cobweb. N. B. The *Trentham*, the *Sweepstakes*, the *Gimcrack*, and the *Toper*, were towed out of the harbour by the *Weaver's Delight*, Capt. Bloomsbury.

K 3

July

July 8. No ships of war at Spithead.

July 10. ARRIVED and sailed into the harbour, the *God Intent*, Capt. Rockingham ; the *Endeavour*, Capt. Dowdeswell ; the *Nefor*, Capt. Winchelsea ; the *Diligence*, Capt. Conway ; the *Esperance*, Capt. Grafton ; the *Providence*, Capt. Dartmouth ; the *Experiment*, Capt. Portland ; the *Happy Return*, Capt. Yorke ; and the *Recovery*, Capt. Besborough, ALL from Newcastle, under convoy of the *Cumberland* MAN OF WAR, and the *Crown store-ship*. The *Bienfaisant*, Capt. Fitzherbert ; the *Temercire*, Capt. Onslow ; the *Firme*, Capt. Meredith ; the *Defiance*, Capt. Gilmour, and a great many others are in sight, but can't get their names this post.

For some time past the wind has been generally at NORTH, but is now come about to the South East, and blows fresh.

We hear that his majesty's ship Conway will be no longer employed as a man of war, being found to be fitter for the Merchant's service.

July 15. REMAIN in the HARBOUR with his Majesty's ships as per last, The *True Briton*, Capt. Granby ; the *Neptune*, Capt. Egmont ; the *Friend's Good-will*, Barrington ; the *Heart of Oak*, Howe ; the *Good Steward*, Talbot ; and the *Townsend* fly-boat.

The *Neptune*, Capt. Egmont, full freighted, for the Island of St. John's, in the gulf of St. Lawrence.—on'y waits a favourable wind.

The

The Townsend fly-boat was with some difficulty brought to her moorings, where she now lies; but is expected to sail on a roving cruize, as soon as the wind changes.

The *Laurel*, Capt. Pitt, and the *Olive*, Capt. Bute, are expected to sail on a joint cruize against the common enemy the first fair wind.

Other advices say, that the *Laurel's* stern-posts not being found, she must first come into dock, and have a thorough repair, before she can proceed on the intended voyage.

'Tis supposed that the *Temple* will not be put in commission again, as the carpenters, on examining her, have reported that her back is broke.

Augt 23. Arrived the *Surprise* cutter express from Dunkirk, with accounts of the demolition of the Jettees.—'Tis added, that the French Court, in order to satisfy our Court—(of Common-council) have offered to pulverize the stones, and to throw the powder on the sand-bank at the mouth of the harbour, which will by that means be entirely filled up.

The report of the *St. Andrew*, Capt. Bute, having put into some port in Wales, was entirely without foundation; and only circulated with an intent to impose on the Under-Writers.

GRAVESSEND, *August 24.* Passed by the *Thistle*, the *Happy Janet*, the *Charming Moggy*, and the

Highland Laddie, all from Leith, with Scotch pebbles, for Westminster. N. B. The fleets to and from Leith are obliged to *run it*—no *convoy* being yet appointed for the *Scotch trade*.

August 25. We hear that his Majesty's ship *Newcastle* will soon have a new figure-head, the old one being almost worn out.

'Tis reported from good authority, that *all* the petty officers, who have served on board the *Cumberland man of war*, will soon be provided with *good births*.

The *Prudent*, Capt. Hertford, a three decker, lately stationed on the French coast, will sail in a short time for *Ireland*, in order to protect the trade; the Weymouth frigate, which was appointed for that service, not being reckoned a *sufficient force*.

'Tis reported that the *Gentle Shepherd*, when refitted, will proceed to the West Indies, where she is to act as a *Guarda Costa*, in order to prevent any illicit trade being carried on with the Spaniards—'Tis expected that all the colonies will vie with one another, in making a *proper* return to Capt. *Budget* for his great attention and *indefatigable assiduity* in promoting their *true interest*, when last on that station.

The *Vansittart*, richly laden from *Bengal*, and the *Durant*, with *hard dollars*, from the *Havannah*, are arrived in the river—'Tis said that *part* of the car goes

goes will be lodged in some warehouses in the *Borough*.

The *Twitcher's tender*, commanded by Lieutenant *Anti-Sejanus*, having been missing for some time, 'tis feared that she has shared the fate of the unfortunate *Wilkes fire-ship*, who foundered in the channel in the year 1763, occasioned by her carrying too much sail.

LONDON, Aug. 28. The *Address*, Capt. *Beardmore*, having escaped the vigilance of the enemy's cruizers, with great difficulty got to *Park-Gate*, heavily laden with *MOLASSES* and *VINEGAR*.

* H A C K F A L L. A N E L E G Y.

T O N E A R A.

To HACKFALL's calm retreat, where nature reigns
In rural pride transported fancy flies :—
O bear me, goddess, to those sylvan plains,
Where all around unlabour'd beauties rise !

Let MAMMON's vot'ries, Gothic sons of taste,
The fetter'd hand of mimic art admire ;
The marble fane, with urns and statues grac'd,
The gilt alcove, and justly sloping spire :

* A place belonging to Mr. Aislaby.

K 5

Be

Be their's thro' long-drawn walks, that tire the eyes,
 Thro' gay parterres and vistas green to stray,
 Where stately trees in due proportion rise,
 And tortur'd waters regularly play.

With thee, NEERA, mistress of my soul,
 Less artful scenes my simple mind delight ;
 Such as where URE's fair streams meandering roll,
 By nature form'd, transport the ravish'd sight.

There wood and lawn their various charms combine,
 The green dale sinks, and swells the verdant hill,
 Old rev'rend oaks their high-arch'd boughs entwine,
 And parting rocks disclose the gushing rill.

Lo ! thro' the glade, where rip'ning harvests bend
 To the soft breeze, a distant * town appears ;
 From smoaking cots the blueish wreaths ascend,
 And many a tow'r its antique structure rears !

Down from yon' hoary mountain's rugged side
 A torrent falls :—how swift the waters flow,
 Whilst under ground with silent stealth they glide,
 Then spring to light a fresh cascade below !

* The town of Masham.

Thus

Thus as the priest of Love, sweet OVID tells,
 To shun, ALPHAEUS, thy enraptur'd waves,
 In winding mazes ARETHUSA steals
 Thro' secret vaults and subterraneous caves :

Fond nymph in vain !—A lover's eagle sight
 What art can blind ? He fees the private sluice,
 Then under seas directs his rapid flight,
 And mingles with his charming ARETHUSA.

Fast by this stream, and in the thickest shade,
 A straw-roof cot appears with ivy bound,
 The walls with shells and vary'd moss o'erlaid,
 And rough-hewn altars mark'd the hallow'd
 ground.

Here haply dwells some hoary-headed seer,
 Far from the guilty crouds' tumultuous din,
 Here in soft musings wears the silent year,
 Estrang'd alike to passion and to sin.

Peace to his hours ;—Nor you, my charming maid,
 Approach the cot, but turn, O turn your eyes ;
 Should LOVE, the tyrant LOVE, his breast invade,
 Far from the fage all wonted quiet flies !

See in yon' grove, and o'er the topmast boughs,
 Untaught by art, a filver fountain plays ;
 In waving folds the bubbling water flows,
 And sun-born IRIS paints the humid rays.

No figur'd TRITON spouts th' indignant stream,
 Nor weeps poor NIOBE in antic shew ;
 No DOLPHINS sport, no leaden NEREIDS swim,
 Nor fond NARCISSUS views the lake below :

'Tis nature all !—Grotesque and wild the scene ;
 The rough rock cleaves, the wave ascends on high,
 Then tumbling down upon the graffy green,
 O'er pebbles strays in gurgling harmony.

Hail sweet recess !—What charms the sight regale
 Nature hath giv'n with more than lavish pride :
 Hail sweet recess !—More fair than TEMPE's vale,
 Or IDA's grove, where fabled gods reside.

O haste, NEERA, to this blissful grove,
 Here let us Wisdom's silent steps pursue,
 Here spend an age of innocence and love,
 And bid this folly-fetter'd world adieu !

A D A Y.

A D A Y.

**AN EPISTLE TO JOHN WILKES, OF AYLESBURY,
ESQ.**

BY DR. ARMSTRONG.

[NOT IN HIS WORKS.]

ESCAP'D from London now four moons and more,
I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's wasted shore,
Where cloath'd with woods a hundred hills ascend,
Where nature many a paradise has plan'd :

A land that, e'en amid contending arms,
Late smil'd with culture and luxuriant charms ;
But now the hostile scythe has bar'd her soil,
And her sad peasants starve for all their toil.

What news to-day ?—I ask you now what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue ;
What forward blundering fool was last preferr'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd ;
With what new cheat the gaping town is smit ;
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit ;
What stuff for winter the two booths have mixt ;
What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next ?

Wave

Wave all such news : I've seen too much, my friend,
To stare at any wonders of that kind.

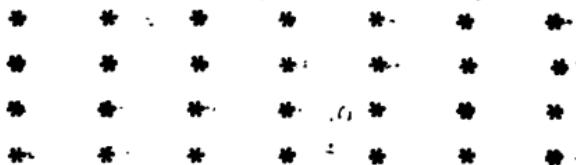
News, none have I : you know I never had ;
I never long'd the days dull lyre to spread ;
I left to goffips that sweet luxury,
More in the secrets of the great than I.
To nurses, midwives, all the slippery train,
That swallow all, and bring up all again :—
Or did I e'er a brief event relate,
You found it soon at length in the Gazette.

Now for the weather—This is England still,
For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.
Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls,
Drowns every camp, and crowds our hospitals.
This soaking deluge all unstrings my frathe,
Dilutes my sense, and suffocates my flame— }
'Tis that which makes these present lines so tame.
The parching east wind still pursues me too— }
Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew ?— }
By heaven, it flays Japan, perhaps Peru !
It blasts all earth with its envenom'd breath,
That scatters discord, rage, diseases, death.
'Twas the first plague that burst Pandora's chest,
And with a livid smile sow'd all around the rest.

Heaven

Heaven guard my friend from every plague that flies,

Still grant him health, whence all the pleasures rise;
But oft' diseases from slow causes creep,
And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep.



Mean time excuse me that I slyly snatch
The only theme in which I shine your match.

You study early : some indulge at night,
Their prudish muse steals in by candle-light,
Shy as th' Athenian Bird, she shuns the day,
And finds December genial more than May.
But happier you who court the early sun,
For morning visits no debauch draws on ;
Nor so the spirits, health, or sight impair,
As those that pass in the raw midnight air.

The task of breakfast o'er ; that peevish, pale,
That lounging, yawning, most ungenial meal ;
Rush out, b fore those fools rush in to worry ye,
Whose busines is to be idle in a hurry,
Who kill your time as frankly as their own,
And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.

These

These flies all fairly flung, whene'er the house,
 Your country's business, or your friend's allows,
 Rush out, enjoy the fields and the fresh air;
 Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
 Yet in the torrid months I would reverse
 This method, leave behind both prose and verse;
 With the grey dawn the hills and forest roam,
 And wait the sultry noon embower'd at home,
 While every rural sound improves the breeze,
 The railing stream, the busy rocks, and murmur of
 the bees.

You'll hardly chuse these cheerful jaunts alone—
 Except when some deep scheme is carrying on.
 With you at Chelsea oft' may I behold
 The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold,
 With you I'd walk to * * * * *
 To rich, infipid Hackney, if you will;
 With you no matter where, while we're together,
 I scorn no spot on earth, and curse no weather.

When dinner comes, amid the various feast
 That crowns your genial board, where every guest,
 Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
 And none e'er sigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;
 I warn you still to make your chief repast
 On one plain dish, and trifle with the rest.

* * * * * * *

Beef,

Beef, in a fever, if your stomach crave it,
 Ox-cheek, or mawkish cod, be sure you have it.
 For still the constitution, even the case,
 Directs the stomach ; this informs the taste ;
 And what the taste in her capricious fits
 Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
 The peevish stomach, or disdains to toil,
 Or indolently works to vapid chyle.
 This instinct of the taste so seldom errs,
 That if you love, yet smart for cucumbers,
 Or plums of bad repute, you'll likely find
 'Twas for you separated what nature join'd,
 The spicy kernel here, and there the rind.

* * * * *

'Tis strange how blindly we from Nature stray !
 The only creatures we that miss their way !
To err is human, Man's prerogative,
 Who's too much sense by Nature's laws to live :
 Wiser than Nature we must thwart her plan,
 And ever will be spoiling, where he can.
 'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,
 Nor earth to a gilded cake ; nor e'en cou'd tame
 Niagard's steep abyss to crawl down stairs ; *
 Or dress in roses the dire Cordelliers : †

* Vide Chatsworth, 1759.

† Les Cordalleira's des Andee, are a chain of hills, which run
 thro' South America.

But

But what he can he does : well can he trim
 A charming spot into a childish whim ;
 Can every generous gift of nature spoil,
 And rates their merits by his cost and toil.
 Whate'er the land, whate'er the seas produce,
 Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,
 He pampers, or to fulsome fat, or drains,
 Refines and bleaches, till no taste remains.

* * * * * * * * * *

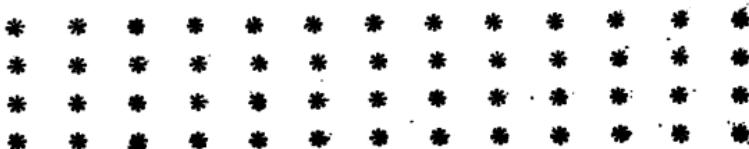
Enough to fatten foole, or drive the dray,
 But plagues and death to those of finer clay.-

No corner else, 'tis not to be deny'd,
 Of all our isle so rankly is supply'd
 With gross productions, and adulterate fare,
 As one rehoun'd abode, whose name I spare.
 They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox
 Would loath to touch them ; e'en their boasted ox
 Sometimes is glutted so with unctuous spoil,
 That what seems beef is rather rape-feed oil.
 D'ye know what brawn is ?—O th' unhappy beast !
 He stands eternal, and is doom'd to feast,
 'Till—but the nauseous process I forbear——
 Only, beware of brāwn——besure, beware !
 Yet brawn has taste—it has : their veal has none,
 Save what the butcher's breath inspires alone ;

Jas:

Just heaven one day may send them hail for wheat,
 Who spoil all veal because it should be white.
 'Tis hard to say of what compounded paste
 Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taste,
 Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour
 Shell'd and refin'd, 'till it has taste no more;
 But if the lump be white, and white enough,
 No matter how insipid, dry, or tough.
 In salt itself the sapid favour fails,
 Burnt alom for the love of white prevails :
 While tasteless cole-seed we for mustard swallow,
 'Tis void of zest indeed——but still 'tis yellow.
 Parsnip, or parsley-root, the rogues will soon
 Scrape for horse-radish, and 'twill pass unknown ;
 For by the colour, not the taste, we prove all,
 As hens will sit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.

I must with caution the cook's reign invade,
 Hot as the fire, and hasty from his trade.—

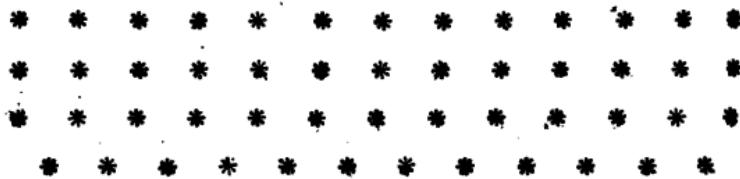


A cook of genius, bid him roast a hare,
 By all that's hot and horrible would swear,
 Parch native dryness ! zounds, that's not the thing.—
 But stew him, and he might half dine a king.

His

His gen'rous broth I would almost prefer
To turtle-soup, tho' turtle travels far.

You think me nice perhaps : yet I could dine
On roasted rabbit ; or fat turkey and chine ;
Or fulsome haslet ; or most drily cram
My throat with tasteless fillet and wet ham :
But let me ne'er of mutton-saddle eat,
That solid phantom, that most specious cheat ;
Yet loin is passable, he was no fool
Who said the half is better than the whole :



But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er,
I would all claret, e'en champain forbear,
Give me fresh water—bless me with small beer.
But still whate'er you drink, with cautious lip
Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip ;
For often, O defend all honest throats !
The reeling wasp on the drench'd borage floats.
I've known a dame, sage else as a divine,
For brandy whip off *Ipecacuan* wine ;

And

And I'm as sure amid your careless glee,
 You'll swallow *Port* one time for *Cote-rotie*,
 But you aware of that *Lethean* flood,
 Will scarce repeat the dose—forbid you shou'd !
 'Tis such a deadly foe to all that's bright,
 'Twould soon encumber e'en your fancy's flight :
 And if 'tis true what some wise preacher says,
 That we our gen'rous ancestors disgrace,
 The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,
 Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes ;
 And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,
 ?Twill cause a sea of claret and champain
 Of this retarding glue to rinse the nation's brain.
 The mud-fed carp refines amid the springs,
 And time and Burgundy might do great things ;
 But health and pleasure we for trade despise,
 For Portugal's grudg'd gold our genius dies.
 O hapless race ! O land to be bewail'd !
 With murders, treasons, horrid deaths appal'd !
 Where dark-red skies with livid thunders frown,
 White earth convulsive shakes her cities down ;
 Where hell in heaven's name holds her impious
 court,
 And the grape bleeds out that black poison, port ;
 Sad poison to themselves, to us still worse,
 Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled curse.

Toss'd

Toss'd in the crowd of various rules I find,
Still some material busines left behind :

* * * * * * * *

The fig, the gooseberry, beyond all grapes,
Mellower to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
But pleasures of this kind are best enjoy'd,
Beneath the tree, or by the fountain side,
Ere the quick soul, and dewy bloom exhale,
And vainly melt into the thankless gale.

* * * * * * * *

Who from the full meal yield to natural rest,
A short repose ; 'tis strange how soon you'll find
A second morn rise cheerful on your mind :
Besides it softly, kindly, sooths away
The saddest hour to some that damps the day.
But if, you're coy to sleep, before you spread
Some easy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead
At once : even these may hasten your repose,
Now rapid verse, now halting nearer prose ;
There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd
chuse,

As men of taste hate sameness in the muse :
Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking 'till 'tis late,
And then indulge, but at a moderate rate.

By

By heaven not *** with all his genial wit,
 Should ever tempt me after twelve to fit—
 You laugh—at noon you say : I mean at night.

{

I long to read your name once more again,
 But while at Cassel, all such longing's vain.
 Yet Cassel else no sad retreat I find,
 While good and amiable * Gayot's my friend,
 Generous and plain, the friend of human kind ;
 Who scorns the little-minded's partial view,
 One you would love, one that would relish you.
 With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,
 And find his presence cordial more than wine.
 There lively, genial, friendly, Goy and I
 Touch glasses oft' to one, whose company
 Would—but what's this?—Farewel—within two
 hours
 We march for Hoxter—ever, ever yours.

{

ON THROWING BY AN OLD BLACK COAT.

OLD friend, farewel—with whom full many a
 day,
 In varied mirth and grief, hath roll'd away.

* Mons. de Gayot, Fils, conseiller d'estat, et intendant de
 l'Armée Françoise en Allemagne.

No.

No more thy form retains its fable dye,
 But, like grey beauty, palls upon the eye—
 That form which shone so late in passion's gloom,
 How fall'n !—ere while the glory of the loom !
 Late, wrapt secure within thy woollen folds,
 I brav'd the summer rains, and winter colds.
 Fearless of coughs, catarrhs, which Eurus brings,
 Or dark November, on his noisome wings,
 Whistling a tune, like Cymon in the song,
 Thro' filthy streets and lanes I've trudg'd along,
 Nor heeded aught the hackney-coachmen's cries,
 Tho' coach, your honour, sounded to the skies ;
 And shall I then forget thy brighter hue,
 Sell thee a slave to yonder hoarse-mouth'd Jew ?
 Forbid it gratitude—forbid it shame——
 That were a deed would blacken Clodio's name.
 Thou poor old man, whose brow is streak'd with
 care,
 Stretch'd on the clay-cold earth, thy bosom bare,
 Had I but half that Clodio's shining store,
 Thy breast should heave with misery no more ;
 Yet take the scanty pittance I bestow,
 This coat shall shield thee from the drifted snow.
 But ere we part—iadulge the moral lay,
 Hear it, ye fools, who flutter life away,
 Vain are the rich man's toils, the proud man's brags,
 Men turn to dust—and broad-cloth turns to rags.

ON AN OLD HAT.

I.

FAITHFUL for months, full many a show'r
Of batt'ring hail, from clouds descending,
Thou hast withstood with all thy pow'r,
But now to old age thou art wending.

II.

With pain I see thy fable fade,
And view a dingy brown appear;
Griev'd I behold thy varying shade,
And much a total change I fear.

III.

With thee I oft' with awkward air,
And attitudes by no means pretty,
Paid homage to the blooming fair,
That grace Europa's noblest city.

IV.

And frequently I took thee off,
To shew respect to those I lov'd;
Who flatter'd then—now meanly scoff,
And are not by my mis'ries mov'd.

V.

Strange that the skin of any beast
 Should prove more constant to its master,
 Than those his bounty oft' did feast,
 Ere he sustain'd a dire disaster !

VI.

Come then, my friend, my *true Achates*,
 Let sycophants or smile or frown,
 Still, old acquaintance, such thy fate is,
 Thou must my shallow *caput* crown.

VII.

But for the service thou hast done
 Thou shalt be brush'd and black'd again,
 Nor will I put another on,
 Whilst thou canst shield me from the rain.

VIII.

Should sneering witlings be so bold
 To comment on thy ancient cocks,
 The sneering witlings shall be told,
 A better never grac'd their blocks.

THE LIFE OF A WOMAN OF THE TOWN.

AH ! what avails, how once appear'd the fair,
 When from gay equipage she falls obscure ;
 In vain she moves her livid lips in pray'r :
 What man so mean to recollect the poor ?

From

From place to place, by unfee'd bailiffs drove,
 As fainting fawns from thirsty blood-hounds fly,
 See the sad remnants of unhallow'd love,
 In prisons perish, or on dunghills die.

Pimps and dependents once her beauties prais'd ;
 And on these beauties, vermin-like, they fed ;
 From wretchedness, the crew her bounty rais'd,
 When by her spoils enrich'd—deny her bread.

Thro' street to street, she wends, as want betides,
 Like Shore's sad wife, in winter's dismal hours ;
 The bleak winds piercing her unnourish'd sides,
 Her houseless head dripping with drizzly showers.

Sickly she stoles amidst the miry lane,
 While streaming spouts dash on her uncloath'd
 neck ;
 By famine pinch'd ; pinch'd by disease-bred pain,
 Contrition's portrait, and rash beauty's wreck.

She dies ; sad outcast ! Heart broke by remorse ;
 Pale stretch'd against th' inhospitable doors ;
 While gathering goffips taunt the fleshless corse,
 And thank their Gods—that they were never
 Whores.

J. G.

L 2

L O R D .

L O R D - M A Y O R ' s D A Y .

A M O C K E L E G Y .

THE sun creeps slowly o'er the eastern hills,
 The lazy-pacing hours attend his way,
 Thro' the thick fog the scarce pervading beam,
 Gives LONDON'S LORD his gorgeous gaudy day.

Now the grim'd scavenger his besom plies,
 And whistles at his work with wonted glee,
 The streets look decent, ev'n in courtiers' eyes,
 While the wretch sweeps for *dirtier soil* than he.

And now the city bells, in many a peal,
 Bursting at once upon the vacant ear,
 Bid the glad freemen from their counters steal,
 And hail the day to beef and pudding dear.

Nor is this all—the solid ham supplies
 The place where yesterday's plain mutton stood,
 And the rich pudding with the pye-crust vies :
 —But all this is swallow'd soon, for all is good.

Nor pass we by the capon and the chine,
 Nor heedless, leave the turkey's praise unsung !
 The many-mixtur'd punch, th' inspiring wine,
 Joy of each heart, and theme of every tongue ;

And

And now AUGUSTA's senators repair
 To that old pile where broad-fac'd giants stand ;
 While courtly strangers like those giants stare,
 —'Maz'd at the clumsy wonders of our land !

But haste, my muse, the coach of state appears !
 AUGUSTA's Lord, and all his court, are blithe :
 Coachman, be careful how you reach the stairs,
 And land the Monarch safely at Queenhithe !

But ah ! one moral thought will yet intrude,
 Tho' glad the heart, and festive be the day ;
 " How short our bliss !—We've made the landing
 good,
 —On the frail waves to plow the wat'ry way !"

Now sail the barges—half a mile an hour ;
 Now fly the steamers—now the corks, too, fly ;
 The morning brimmer gives the stomach power
 To ~~forgo~~ the beef, and *raise* the pigeon-pye !

Let Fancy, trav'ling on the banks of Thame,
 Suppose at RUFUS' Hall the glitt'ring throng ;
 The business done—revisit we the stream,
 While pop-guns *canonnade* us all along !

With grateful hearts, and eyes of greedy joy,
 We view the bridge of elegance—Black-friars;
 While the glad matron hugs her darling boy,
 —For Daddy's safe arriv'd, thro' worse than thorns
 and briars.

Muse, croud the verse,—as London streets are fill'd,
 With men, dogs, horses, chariots, and sedans;
 Strew many a flower, as many a bottle's spill'd,
 And croud with spits, and plates, and pots, and
 pans.

The feasting o'er, the ball, the sprightly dance,
 With jocund glee beguile the night away;
 The crowds retire when Sunday hours advance,
 “And eat, in dreams, the custard of the day.”*

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

L—D L—’s ANSWER TO MRS. N—’s QUESTION “WHAT IS GRACE?” .

WHILE round her lips the loves and graces
 play'd,
 “*Why am I graceful?*” sweet ASPASIA said ;
 “ And what is grace, whose sacred spell can bind
 “ Harmonious magic o'er the raptur'd mind :

¶ Pope.

“ Where .

" Where does this denizen of air reside,
 " And to what beauties is her power applied ?
 " What, what attraction to a woman brings
 " This sylph, this fairy, with enamel'd wings ?"
 —Thus STREPHON answer'd : " Grace, O beau-
 teous dame,
 " That child of heaven, illumines your lovely frame ;
 " 'Tis in your cheeks, whose blanded tints unite
 " The two contending roses, red and white !
 " 'Tis in your lips with vermeil perfume prest,
 " It ranges lovely o'er your snowy breast :
 " 'Tis Grace that breathing sweetly in each sigh,
 " Speaks in your voice and lightens in your eye.
 " 'Tis in all, it circles you around
 " In every look, in every word—'tis found :
 " —O thou, by nature exquisitely plan'd,
 " Who came perfection from her labouring hand,
 " Deem naught amiss of him, whose artless muse
 " These her best gifts not undelighted views,
 " But on his tuneless reed and simple toil
 " Propitious look, and trust him with a smile !
 " So shall his lawns, tho' parch'd by summer's heat,
 " Revive, when trodden by ASPASIA's feet ;
 " So shall his flowrets with fresh fragrance blow,
 " His lilies whiten, and his roses glow :
 " And once again his rustic song shall tell
 " What grace, what beauties in ASPASIA dwell."

MR. PRINTER,

I HAVE taken the liberty of transmitting to the public, through the channel of your paper, the above elegant verses, which have only circulated hitherto through the fashionable world in manuscript. They are too good to be kept a secret, though addressed to the wife of another man. But while they abound with the most elegant compliments to the lady, the poor husband is forgotten. It is to preserve him from oblivion, that I take the liberty of sending you a parody on the above; and I flatter myself you will insert the trifle I have subjoined, with this apology to the public.

While rays of glory beam'd around his head,
 " Say what is Grace?" a love-sick B—p said;
 " What is this power of grace, whose magic spell
 " Can awe the gaping multitude so well?
 " Say, is this thing so much, so litt'e known,
 " Is it by manner, look, or titles shewn?
 " Dwells it in single or in married life,
 " Shines it the most in ME, or in my WIFE?"
 —When virtuous STREPHON answer'd——
 " Learn'd Divine,
 " On thy own brows conspicuous see it shine;
 " See from thy pouting lips in power dispense
 " In holy, luscious streams of eloquence.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis that which glistening in your vacant eye
 " Glotes on your wife, while all the world stands
 by.
 " 'Tis all in all, it circles you around,
 " In coat, in cassock, in lawn sleeves 'tis found.
 " O thou, for husband by thy fate design'd,
 " To human errors charitably blind ;
 " Deem naught amiss of him whose modest muse
 " With pious praise your blushing dame pursues ;
 " But on his harmless views, and virtuous life,
 " Propitious look, and trust him with your wife ;
 " So shall his H——y's violated shade
 " Weep o'er another fair to shame betray'd ;
 " So, at the fight, more pale his lilies grow,
 " And blushing roses feel a deeper glow ;
 " So shall his flowers with gayer tints bring forth,
 " And horn-beams nourish in the gales of North ;
 " And, best of gifts, the pious bard receive
 " One blessing fit a B—p's wife to give."

BAGATELLE.

P. S. I think it but proper to add, that I disclaim all insinuations against the fair character of the above lady, who I firmly believe to be a very good sort of woman, and her husband a very worthy man, and whose worst action is certainly that of having introduced her to such a *Ciciboo*.

THE POET. A RHYME.

BY DR. AKENSID.

THIS WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST PRODUCTIONS
OF DR. AKENSID: IT WAS WRITTEN, AND ORI-
GINALLY PUBLISHED, BEFORE HE HAD ARRIV-
ED AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN YEARS. IT IS,
HOWEVER, NOT PRINTED IN THE EDITION OF
HIS WORKS.

Of all the various lots around the ball,
Which Fate to man distributes, absolute;
Avert, ye gods! that of the Muse's son,
Curs'd with dire poverty! poor hungry wretch!
What shall he do for life? he cannot work
With manual labour: shall those sacred hands,
That brought the counsels of the gods to light;
Shall that inspir'd tongue, which ev'ry muse
Has touch'd divine, to charm the sons of men:
The hallow'd organs! these! be prostitute
To the vile service of some fool in pow'r,
All his behests submissive to perform,
Howe'er to him ingrateful? Oh! he scorns
Th' ignoble thought; with generous disdain,
More eligible deeming it to starve,
Like his fam'd ancestors renown'd in verse,

Than

Than poorly bend to be another's slave,—
 Than feed and fatten in obscurity.
 —These are his firm resolves, which fate, nor time,
 Nor poverty can shake. Exalted high
 In garret vile he lives ; with remnants hung
 Of tapestry : but oh ! precarious state
 Of this vain transient world ! all pow'rful time !
 What dost thou not subdue ? See what a chasm
 Gapes wide, tremendous ! see where Saul enrag'd,
 High on his throne, encompass'd by his guards,
 With levell'd spear, and arm extended sits,
 Ready to pierce old Jesse's valiant son,—
 Spoil'd of his nose !—around in tott'ring ranks,
 On shelves pulverulent, majestic stands
 His library ; in ragged plight, and old ;
 Replete with many a load of criticism,
 Elab'rate products of the midnight toil
 Of Belgian brains ; snatch'd from the deadly hands
 Of murd'rous grocer, or the careful wight,
 Who vends the plant, that clads the happy shore
 Of Indian Patomack ; which citizens
 In balmy fumes exhale, when o'er a pot
 Of sage inspiring coffee, they dispose
 Of kings and crowns, and settle Europe's fate.

Elsewhere the dome is fill'd with various heaps
 Of old domestic lumber ; that huge chair
 Has seen six monarchs fill the British throne :
 Here a broad massy table stands, o'erspread

With ink and pens, and scrolls replete with rhyme :
 Chests, stools, old razors, fractur'd jars half full
 Of muddy zythum, sour and spiritless :
 Fragments of verse, hose, sandals, utensils
 Of various fashion, and of various use,
 With friendly influence hide the fable floor.

This is the bard's musæum, this the fane
 To Phœbus sacred, and th' Aonian maids :
 But 'oh ! it stabs his heart, that niggard fate
 To him in such small measure should dispense
 Her better gifts : to him ! whose gen'rous soul
 Could relish, with as fine an elegance,
 The golden joys of grandeur, and of wealth ;
 He who could tyrannize o'er menial slaves,
 Or swell beneath a coronet of state,
 Or grace a gilded chariot with a mien,
 Grand as the haughtiest Timon of them all.—

But 'tis in vain to rave at destiny,
 Here he must rest and brook the best he can,
 To live remote from grandeur, learning, wit :
 Immur'd amongst th' ignoble vulgar herd,
 Of lowest intellect ; whose stupid souls
 But half inform their bodies ; brains of lead
 And tongues of thunder : whose insensate breast
 Ne'er felt the rapt'rous, soul entrancing fire
 Of the celestial muse ; whose savage ears
 Ne'er heard the sacred rules, nor ev'n the names
 Of the Venusian bard, or critic sage.

Full.

Full-fam'd of Stagyta : whose clam'rous tongue,
 Stun the tormented ear with colloquy,
 Vociferate, trivial, or impertinent :
 Replete with boorish scandal : yet, alas !
 This, this ! he must endure, or muse alone,
 Penitive and moping o'er the stubborn rhyme,
 Or line imperfect—No ! the door is free,
 And calls him to evade their deaf'ning clang,
 By private ambulation ;—tis resolv'd :
 Off from his waist he throws the tatter'd gown,
 Beheld with indignation ; and unloads
 His pericranium of the weighty cap,
 With sweat and grease discolour'd : then explores
 The spacious chest, and from its hollow womb
 Draws his best robe, yet not from tincture free
 Of age's rev'rend russet, scant and bare ;
 Then down his meagre visage waving flows
 The shadowy peruque, crown'd with gummy hat
 Clean brush'd, a cane supports him. Thus equip'd
 He fallies forth ; swift traverses the streets,
 And seeks the lonely walk ; *Hail sylvian scenes,*
Ye groves, ye wallies, ye meand'ring brooks,
Admit me to your joys, in rapt'rous phrase,
 Loud he exclaims ; while with th' inspiring Muse
 His bosom labours ; and all other thoughts,
 Pleasure and wealth, and poverty itself,
 Before her influence vanish. Rapt in thought,
 Fancy presents before his ravish'd eyes

Distant

Distant prosperity, upon his page
 With transport dwelling ; while bright learning's
 sons

That ages hence must tread this earthly ball,
 Indignant seem to curse the thankless age,
 That starv'd such merit. Meantime swallow'd up
 In meditation deep, he wanders on,
 Unweeting of his way——But ah ! he starts !
 With sudden fright ! his glaring eye-balls roll,
 Pale turn his cheeks, and shake his loosen'd joints,
 His cogitations vanish into air,
 Like painted bubbles, or a morning dream.
 Behold the cause ! see ! thro' the opening glade,
 With rosy visage, and abdomen grand,
 A cit, a dun !——As in Apalia's wilds,
 Or where the Thracian Hebrus rolls his wave,
 A heedless kid, disportive, roves around,
 Unheeding, 'till upon the hideous cave
 Of the dire wolf she treads ; half-dead the views
 His bloodshot eye-balls, and his dreadful fangs,
 And swift as Eurus from the monster flies.
 So fares the trembling bard ; amaz'd he turns,
 Scarce by his legs upborn ; yet fear supplies
 The place of strength ; straight home he bends his
 course,
 Nor looks behind him till he safe regain
 His faithful citadel. There spent, fatigu'd,

He

He lays him down to ease his heaving lungs,
 Quaking, and of his safety scarce convinc'd.
 Soon as the *panic* leaves his panting breast,
 Down to the Muse's sacred rites he fits,
 Volumes pil'd round him ; see ! upon his brow
 Perplex'd anxiety, and struggling thought,
 Painful as female throes ; whether the bard
 Display the deeds of heroes ; or the fall
 Of vice, in lay dramatic : or expand
 The lyric wing.; or in elegiac strains .
 Lament the fair ; or lash the stubborn age,
 With laughing satire ; or in rural scenes
 With shepherds sport ; or rack his hard bound brains,
 For th' unexpected turn. Arachne so,
 In dusty kitchen corners, from her bowels
 Spins the fine web ; but spins with better fate
 Than the poor bard : she ! caitiff ! spreads her snares,
 And with their aid enjoys luxurious life,
 Bloated with fat of insects, flesh'd in blood :
 He ! hard, hard lot ! for all his toil and care,
 And painful watchings, scarce protracts awhile
 His meagre, hungry days ! ungrateful world !
 If with his drama he adorn the stage ;
 No worth-discriminating concourse pays the charge,
 Or of the orchestra, or th' enlight'ning torch.
 He who supports the luxury and pride
 Of craving Laïs ; he ! whose carnage fills

Dogs,

Dogs, eagles, lions ; has not yet enough,
 Wherewith to satisfy the greedier maw
 Of that most rav'rous, that devouring beast,
 Yclep'd a Poet. What new Halifax,
 What Somers, or what Dorset can't thou find,
 Thou hungry mortal ? break, wretch, break thy quill,
 Blot out the study'd image ; to the flames
 Commit this Stag'rite ; leave this thankless trade ;
 Erect some pedling stall, with trinkets stock'd,
 There earn thy daily half-pence, nor again
 Trust the false Muse : so shall the cleanly meat
 Repel intruding hunger.—Oh ! 'tis vain,
 The friendly admonition's all in vain ;
 The scribbling itch has seiz'd him, he is lost
 To all advice ; and starves for starving's sake.

Thus sung the sportful Muse, in mirthful mood,
 Indulging gay the frolic vein of youth ;
 But, oh ! ye gods, avert th' impending stroke,
 This luckless omen threatens ! hark ! methinks,
 I hear my better angel cry, *Retreat,*
Rash youth ! in time retreat ! let those poor bards,
Who slighted all, all ! for the flatt'ring Muse,
Yet curs'd with pining want, as landmarks stand,
To warn thee from the service of th' ingrate.

**AN EPISTLE FROM OBEREA, QUEEN OF OTAHEITE,
TO JOSEPH BANKS, ESQ.**

**TRANSLATED BY T. Q. Z. ESQ. PROFESSOR OF THE
OTAHEITE LANGUAGE IN DUBLIN, AND OF
ALL THE LANGUAGES OF THE UNDISCOVERED
ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA; AND ENRICHED
WITH HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.**

[THE Editor of the following Epistle has only to inform the public, that he has translated it with all the fidelity, which the different idioms of the two languages will admit of. He is sensible that it is impossible in English, to convey any idea of the beauties of the Otaheite tongue. It abounds with diphthongs and triphthongs, and every word of it begins with a vowel. Upon this account it is infinitely harmonious ; to which if we add the beauty and sublimity of its metaphors, we shall only do it justice, if we pronounce it to be one of the noblest languages which has ever been spoken since the confusion of tongues.

The Editor is in hopes, that this little specimen will excite the curious to the study of it ; and he takes this opportunity of informing them, that he is going to facilitate their labours by the publication of a compleat Grammar and Dictionary. This work, will be printed on the same paper, and with the same letter as Dr. Hawkesworth's celebrated Voyages, and will

will be ready to be delivered next spring, for the moderate price of three guineas. It will be highly useful to such gentlemen as propose to visit the South Seas, and to make the grand tour. If the impression of this work shall not be sold so soon as the author flatters himself it will, he engages to publish it in weekly numbers, at one shilling each.]

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1773.

READ, or oh! say does some more amorous fair
Prevent * Opano, and engage his care?
I, † Oberea, from the Southern main,
Of slighted vows, of injur'd faith complain.
Tho' now some European maid you woo,
Of ‡ waist more taper, and of whiter hue;
Yet § oft' with me you deign'd the night to pass,
Beneath yon' bread-tree on the bending grass.
Oft' in the rocking boat we fondly lay,
Nor fear'd the drizly wind, or briny spray.

* The people of Otaheite could not pronounce Mr. Banks's name, but called him Opano.

Prelegis, an conjux prohibet nova, &c.

† Pegasis Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima silvis.

‡ It appears that Oberea was rather plump and round, and not of the fairest complexion. See Hawkesworth's *Voyages*.

§ Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,
Mistaque cum foliis prebuit herba torum,
Sæpe super, stramen, &c.

* Who

* Who led thee thro' the wood's impervious shade,
 Pierc'd the thick covert, and explor'd the glade ;
 Taught thee each plant that sips the morning dew,
 And brought the latent minerals to thy view ?
 Still to those glades, those coverts I repair,
 Trace every alley—but thou art not there.
 Nor † herb, nor salutary plant I find,
 To cool the burning fever of my mind †.
 Ah ! ♫ I remember on the river's side,
 Whose babling waters 'twixt the mountains glide,
 A bread-tree stands, on which with sharpen'd stone,
 To thy dear name I deign'd unite my own.
 Grow bread-tree, grow, nor envious hand remove
 The sculptur'd symbols of my constant love.

To the vast § main a rock projecting lies,
 Where tempests howl, and roaring billows rise.

* *Quis tibi monstravit saltus venatibus aptos,*
Et tegeret catulos quâ fera rupe suos ?

† *Me miseram ! quod amor non est medicabilis herbis,*
Deficior prudens artis ab arte meâ.

‡ *Populus est (memini) fluviali confita ripâ,*
Est in quâ nostri littera scripta memor.
Popule vive precor, &c.

§ The South Sea.

Aspicit immensum moles nativa profundum,
Mons fuit, sequoreis illa resistit aquis.
Ilic vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ,
Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fecit.

There

There first at eve thy opening sails I spy'd,
 And eager glow'd to cleave the briny tide.
 My faithful senate sat in wise debate,
 And weigh'd the dubious interests of the state.
 Tho' some with brandish'd lance for war declare,
 With all the frantic signs of wild despair ;
 Yet I more soft to gentle peace inclin'd,
 And sooth'd the terrors of * Tupia's mind.
 Send them, I cry'd, twice twelve delicious dogs,
 And give them cocoas, women, bread, and hogs.

'Twas morn, the gallant vessel steers to land ;
 On the moist beach the marshall'd sailors stand.
 Then first the pangs of conscious love I knew,
 My eyes, my longing soul was fixt on you.
 To gain thy love I practis'd every art,
 And gave my kingdom as I gave my heart.
 Alas ! what streams of scalding tears I shed,
 When you surpris'd + Obâdee in my bed ;

* Tupia was Prime Minister to Oberea. She consented that he should come to England with Mr. Banks, and thereby gave the strongest proof of her attachment to that gentleman. Unfortunately this great politician and philosopher died on the voyage. *Luctuosum hoc suis ; acerbum patriæ ; grave bonis omnibus.* C. C.

+ On the 29th, not very early in the forenoon, Mr. Banks went to pay his court to Oberea, and was told that she was still asleep under the awning of her boat. Thither he went, and upon looking into her chamber, he found her in bed with a handsome young fellow about twenty-five, whose name was Obâdee. *Hawkes Voyages.*

From

From * my chaf'd temples strait my locks I twitch,
And with the prickly shell tataow my breech.

In the soft dance if e'er I chanc'd to move,
How throb'd thy bosom with impatient love !
Now slow I fail'd, and stole my easy way
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay ;
Then † in brisk circles glanc'd around, and beat
The measur'd cadence with my quivering feet.
My eyes resplendent beam'd with wanton fire,
And all my limbs were brac'd by fierce desire.
Not Hella's self with all her curious pas,
Her Rigadoons and motley Entre-chas,
With such luxuriant grace displays her thigh,
Or ‡ Temerédes, with such ease as I.
Oft' on thy lips, those lips of love, I hung,
To hear thee greet me in my native tongue ;
§ Meetee atira, sweetly you exprest,
Your eyes all-eloquent explain'd the rest.

* Tum vero rupique sinus, & pectora planxi,
Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas.

† Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco.

‡ The Temerédee is the lascivious dance. See *Hawkes Voyages*.

I had some difficulty to find out who Oberea meant by Hella, but an ingenious friend and critic suggested to me that it must be Mademoiselle Heinel, whose skill and fame we may suppose were highly exaggerated to Oberea by Mons. Bougainville.

§ Ang'ice, come here to kiss me—See the Vocabulary of the Otaheite language, which may serve till my Dictionary is published,

Say,

Say, fondest youth, can't thou forget the night,
When starting from your sleep in wild affright,
Rise Oberea, rise my Queen, you said,
Some * thief has stol'n my breeches from my head.
Sorrowing † I went beside the billowy main ;
Search'd the long-winding coast, but search'd in vain.
My choicest garment strait I shar'd with you,
And fondly cloath'd you with my own ‡ Perou.

Nor strove not other suitors to impart,
A mutual passion to my royal heart ;
My neck, my jetty eye-brows charm'd § Teetee,
And Otapairoo pink'd his bum for me.
Their tears, their warmest vows could ne'er prevail,
Not gift of chequer'd beads, nor proffer'd nail.
To these fond hands, when first we went to view,
The magic wonders of thy vast canoe ;

* Upon their visit to Teotahah, Mr. Banks thought himself fortunate in being placed by Oberea in her canoe. She insisted upon taking his clothes into her custody. Awaking about eleven he found they were stolen, upon which he awakened Oberea, who starting up and hearing his complaint, ordered lights, and prepared in great haste to recover what he had lost. In the morning Oberea brought him some of her country cloches.

† Βιδ' αχεων παρα Θίνα πολυφλοτόνοι θαλασσης.

‡ Perou signifies a petticoat in the Otaheite tongue.

Eque tuis demptos humeris mihi tradis amictus.

§ —————— despctus Iarbas

Ductoresque alii ——————

A curious

A curious * image did Opano give,
 Whose eye-balls glisten'd, and which seem'd to live.
 With this I talk beneath the plantain shade,
 As tho' it heard and answer'd what I said ;
 In amorous dalliance place it on my knee,
 And lavish all the raptures due to thee.

Oft' to my eyes the well-known scenes appear,
 Which image all that past when thou wast near.
 Here † Teropoa, wretched widow stood,
 And ting'd the ocean with her livid blood.
 Thrice with the shark's sharp tooth she pierc'd her
 head,
 Exclaim'd, ‡ Tehai, and in triumph bled.

There

* I received her (Oberea) with such marks of distinction, as I thought would gratify her most, and was not sparing of my presents, among which this August Personage seemed particularly delighted with a child's doll. Vol. II. p. 106.

Illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba,
 Dicimus, amplexus accipit illa meos.
 Hanc specto teneoque finu pro conjuge vero,
 Et tanquam possit verba referre, queror.
 Crede mihi plus est, quam quod videatur, Imago,
 Adde sonum ceræ, Protefilass erit.

† Tibora, Tumaida's wife.

‡ An exclamation of grief which signifies, Where is he ! Early in the morning on the 28th, a great number of women came down to the fort, and Teropoa being observed among them on the outside of the gate, Mr. Banks went out and brought her in. He saw that

the

There to yon' plantain * Oorattoa came,
 And paid just honours to Opano's name.
 Three scarlet robes her tall attendants bore,
 And gently spread them on the winding shore ;
 Graceful she mov'd, and with majestic ease,
 Pull'd up her petticoats above her knees ;
 Then thrice turn'd round with measur'd steps and
 slow,
 Proud the curv'd † arches of her bum to shew.

the tears stood in her eyes, and as soon as she entered they began to flow in great abundance. He enquired earnestly the cause, but instead of answering, she took from under her garment a shark's tooth, and struck it six or seven times into her head with great force. Vol. II. p. 104.

* Friday 12th of May was distinguished by a visit from some ladies. Having laid some pieces of cloth on the ground, the foremost of the women, who appeared to be the principal, and who was called Oorattoa, stepped upon them, and taking up her garments all round her to the waist, turned about three times with great composure and deliberation. When this was done she dropped the veil, and stepping off the cloth, three pieces more were laid, and she repeated the ceremony. The three last were laid, and the ceremony was repeated the same manner the third time. Vol. II. p. 125.

† The part on which these ornaments are lavished is the breech ; this in both sexes is covered with a deep black, above which arches are drawn one over another. These arches are their pride, and are shewn with great ostentation. *Hawkes. Voyages.*

Here

Here * Tirahaow-diea dar'd to prove,
 The impetuous transports of Toopuah's love.
 Scarce twelve short years the wanton maid had seen,
 The youth was six feet high, or more I ween.
 Experienc'd matrons the young pair survey'd,
 And urg'd to feats of love the self-taught maid ;
 With skill superior she perform'd her part,
 And potent nature scorn'd the tricks of art.
 Curst be the envious gales that wafted o'er
 Those floating wigwams to our peaceful shore :

* A young man, near six feet high, performed the rites of Venus with a little girl about eleven or twelve, before several of our people, and a great number of the natives. Among the natives were several women of superior rank, particularly Oberea, who may properly be said to have assisted at the ceremony. For they gave instructions to the girl how to perform her part, which, young as she was, she did not seem much to stand in need of. Vol. II. p. 12.

Blanda truces animos fertur mollisse voluptas,
 Constiterant uno foemina, virque loco.
 Quid facerent ipfi nullo didicere magistro,
 Arte Venus nullâ dulce peregit opus.

The translator intended to have suppressed all passages of this nature, which might offend the chaste ear of a British reader. But as Dr. Hawkesworth's very lascious descriptions have been considered rather as fallies of his prurient imagination, than the transactions of real life, he thought it a piece of justice due to that great man to authenticate his narrative.

With specious gifts a crew insidious came,
And left us * bitter pledges of their flame.
Till then was nature free and love sincere,
Nor generous passion quench'd by slavish fear,
No pining maiden knew the venom'd kiss,
But all was genuine extacy and bliss.

Oft' have I wish'd, for such you love, that I
Were metamorphos'd to some curious fly ;
Beyond the main I'd speed my eager way,
And buzz around you all the live-long day :
Nor would I not be some umbrageous tree,
That shades thy grot, † and vegetate for thee ;
At thy approach I'd all my flowers expand,
And weave my wanton foliage round thy hand.

‡ Think not I covet what you riches call,
Your houses, lands, estates,—I scorn them all,
I § crave no jointure of five hundred skins,
Nor twice as many pounds to buy my pins ;

* I suppose this alludes to the introduction of the venereal disease among them by Mons. Bougainville, which they emphatically call *the Rottenness*. See Hawkesworth's *Voyages*.

† ασθε γενομαν

Α θομενσα μελισσα και εξ του αυλρου εποιεαν.

THEOC.

‡ Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit.

§ It is surprizing, that Oberea should be so well acquainted with the manners of Great-Britain ; but as she appears to have had such fine parts, we may easily imagine, that she did not fail to profit by her frequent conversations with Mr. Banks.

Nor

Nor yet shall I the tardy fates reproach,
 Pant for the lozenge on my lacker'd coach ;
 Or waste the produce of your doating will,
 At sordid Loo, or Dowager Quadrille.
 With you, thrice dear Opano, oft' I lay
 Within the wigwam 'till the dawn of day ;
 Then from my pack, with anxious care for you,
 Chose the best dog, and stew'd the nice ragout.
 Ah ! how I strove thy curious taste to hit,
 From the bak'd viands carv'd the brownest bit ;
 To grace thy table spread my finest smocks,,
 And pour'd the fragrant * Monoe o'er thy locks.
 For thee each morn I cul'd the bread-tree's fruit,
 And † with my nostrils blew the dulcet flute.
 Thrice happy youth ! what bliss with thine could
 vie,
 To feed on dog's flesh, and with Queens to lie !

* The people of Otaheite have a custom of anointing their heads with what they call Monoe, which is an oil extracted from the cocoa-nut.

† It appears that music is cultivated in Otaheite to no small degree of perfection. Indeed, this method of blowing a flute with the nostrils is admirably calculated for the chromatic. We have heard with great pleasure, that the ingenious Dr. Burney intends to take a voyage to the South Sea to inform himself, and afterwards to give some account to the public, of the state of music in those parts.

* Parting you wept, this truth at least you'll
own,

Nor think that weakness which was love alone.
Steadfast I gaz'd, till from my aching view,
Your lessening canvas gradually withdrew.
Then to my tent I ran in wild despair,
And e'en in dreams renew'd my anxious care.
Whene'er I strove my slumbering eyes to close,
Terrific phantoms, dread illusions rose.
Now o'er the waters I appear'd to float,
And fondly clasp you in the + crazy boat.
‡ Culling choice simples, now I seem'd to go,
O'er barren wastes, a wilderness of woe ;
Where'er I turn'd the dread § Morais appear'd,
And the wild shrieks of frantic grief were heard.
At length you beckon, and I leave the shore,
Then tempests 'gan to rage, and winds to roar ;
The billowy waves seem'd to lash the skies,
And Otaheite vanish'd from my eyes.

• Fleksi descendens, hoc saltem parce negare —————

† ————— gemuit sub pondere Cymba
Suri-lis —————

‡ ————— semper longum incomitata videtur
Ire viam —————

§ The f:pulchres of the people of Otaheite are called Morais.
Hawke's Voyages,

Perhaps

Perhaps * Opano (be the o.nen vain)
 If ere thy ships shall reach these shores again,
 You'll seek the wigwam where we fondly lay,
 And in its place will find my sad Morai.
 Yet think at least my copious † tears you see,
 And spare one thought from botany for me.
 And when with curious search thine eyes explore,
 The waving forest, or the marshy shore ;
 When in strong gin thy skilful hands shall steep
 Some unclasp'd fowl or monster of the deep ;
 Think on the rapture, which we once have known,
 And waft one sigh to Otaheite's throne.

• *Tempo verrá anchor forse . . .
 Ch' al' usato foggiorno
 Torni la fera, bella e mansueta ;
 E lá, ov' ella mi scorse
 Nel benedetto giorno,
 Volga la vista desiosa e lieta
 Cercandomi : e o pietá
 Gia Terra infrá, le pietre
 Videndo amor l'inspiri
 In guisa che sospiri
 Si dolcemente———*

PETRARCA.

† The people of Otaheite are remarkable for their *fine feelings*, which generally produce a copious effusion of tears upon every affecting occasion. See Dr. Hawkesworth *passim*.

THE ORANGE-GIRL AT FOOTE'S,
TO SALLY HARRIS:

OR, THE TOWN TO THE COUNTRY POMONA.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

TO THE LADIES OF THIS VIRTUOUS AGE.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo—& fingitur Artibus :
Jam nunc & incessos amores
De tenero mediatur Ungui.*

TO THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMEN.

*Non his juventus orta parentibus.
Infecit æquor, sanguine Gallico.*

WELCOME, fair nymph, from Hock'rill's gloomy plains,
To this gay town, where wanton Venus reigns ;
Venus, who smiles, rejoic'd in thee to gain,
An acquisition to her blooming train.
See unfeign'd sorrow, rage, and deep despair,
Seize on all Nelson's nymphs, and Mitchell's fair ;
For much they fear that thy fresh rural charms,
Shou'd lure the wand'ring rakes from their weak arms.

See

See Powell weeps, e'en in her new-built coach,
 And trembles for her lord * at thy approach.
 While Stephenson plays o'er each winning art,
 To guard the feeble Gr—r's fickle heart.
 The proud Du Tay thy charms with envy sees,
 Fearful lest they young Eg——t should please.
 With grief she sees, as nearer you advance,
 A bloom superior to the rouge of France.
 Thy native roses make her false ones pale,
 With nature, art compar'd will ever fail.

Welcome, dear sister, welcome. I alone,
 Of all the girls in this gay vicious town,
 Thy youth, thy bloom, thy charms unmov'd can see,
 Untouch'd by envy, free from jealousy.
 Chearful and young, and void, like you, of art,
 I trust to nature's charms to gain the heart ;
 'Tis health's pure bloom that o'er my cheeks is
 spread,
 I use no artificial white and red ;
 Each wash, each daub, to Archer I resign,
 Let her of beauty a fair picture shine ;
 None paint so well, 'tis by the town confess'd,
 Except her little lovely sister—West ;
 Leave them to blaze with G——r from afar,
 Like varnish'd dolls hung out at Temple-Bar.

* Lord Seaf—th.

Like you, tho' gay my heart, tho' warm my blood,
 The tempting pow'r of love I long withstood ;
 Not ev'n K—ld—re my virgin breast could move ;
 Fat Ch—wt—n sweats in vain to gain my love ;
 To flatter me, the ever gallant Hare
 Leaves his lov'd Clarke a prey to black despair.
 For me young Charles * the dice-box oft' foregoes,
 And cards forgot, for once with love he glows.
 Egmont forsakes his hounds and favourite horse,
 And, wond'rous ! quits for me the unfinish'd course.
 These, and a thousand more long strove in vain,
 With vows and bribes my favour to obtain ;
 My gen'rous heart refus'd the proffer'd bribe,
 And scorn'd the macaroni silken tribe.

But love, enrag'd that I should brave his pow'rs,
 Once, in a soft, unguarded, fatal hour,
 Produc'd a manly youth, blest with each charm
 To blind our virtue, or our pride disarm ;
 Yet he was poor, unpension'd, and unplace'd,
 Lord of no lands, and of no titles grac'd :
 He ne'er had plunder'd India's hapless shore,
 For millions sunk in seas of native gore :
 'To fortune and to fame he liv'd unknown,
 New to the world, a stranger to the town.

* Fox.

With

With freshest health, and strongest vigour blest,
 His amorous hand first press'd my panting breast,
 'Till I at length o'ercome—

Far other was thy fate, unhappy maid !
 Whim and caprice thy erring heart betray'd :
 In L——, what didst thou hope to find ?
 His body worn with lust, with vice his mind.

O, scarce a perfect maid, yet scarce a w——*,
 By me instructed, be deceiv'd no more,
 My muse experienc'd shall direct thy ways
 Thro' this enchanted town's perplexed maze ;
 Teach thee (too well it knows) to shun each snare,
 Laid for the young, the innocent, and fair.

Let not a Hayes, or Collins, with curst art,
 Tempt thee with health and liberty to part.
 The hapless n'gro, from his native land,
 Borne to Jamaica's much more savage strand,
 To some stern brute, on that accursed coast
 Some human brute, to ev'ry feeling lost—
 Sold as a slave—and doom'd to toil away,
 In ceaseless labour, the long scorching day ;
 To smart beneath the whip, to drag the chain,
 To linger through a fe of tears and pain ;—

* Pope's Sappho to Phaon.

" O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy—"

Wretch as he seems—light are his woes, compar'd
 With the poor girl's, by some old bawd ensnar'd :
 Her blooming charms, her youthful hours are
 doom'd,
 To be by anguish and disease consum'd ;
 She's doom'd to be of lust the abject slave,
 To end her sorrows in an early grave.
 Far happier lot, from such curst bondage free,
 Poor to remain, but blest with liberty.

Trust not alone to beauty's fading flower,
 Or youth's fresh bloom, thy fortune to secure,—
 Blest with love's sweetest smiles, with sparkling eyes,
 With breasts of snow, that softly fall and rise,
 With youth, good-nature, and an angel's face,
 And with a shape that would a Venus grace,
 Ill-fated Kitty wanders through the town,
 Her charms neglected, and her worth unknown :
 She wants that winning art, that certain grace,
 Which conquers surer than the fairest face.
 How few, like Polly, * find a faultless youth ?
 How few can equal her in love and truth ?
 See on her breast her chosen Eden lies,
 “ And drinks delicious poison from her eyes †.”
 Thy park, O Greenwich, and each conscious grove,
 Is oft' the witness of their mutual love.

* Polly Jones.

† Harriet Powell.

Can

Can that soft flame still dwell in Parsons' breast,
 Which palsy'd age, with his cold hand has press'd ;
 'Tis not her charms, 'tis her ingenuous mind,
 That did a Grafton doth a D—— blind.
 How few, like Harriet, * rise to wealth or fame ?
 What crouds are sunk in poverty and thame !
 See Muire and Kennedy declining fast,
 And Thompson scarce two winters more will last.
 Fled are those charms which late subdu'd each heart,
 Love and Champignon are compell'd to part,
 Where are Duburgh, Coxe, Hayward, Spencer,
 Stone ?

Their hour is past, and they are now unknown.
 Each winter sees some favourite beauty rise,
 She blooms all spring, and in the summer dies ;
 The nymphs bound 'prentice to the wanton trade
 Are like the daintiest flowers that soonest fade,
 Fair to the eye, and to the senses sweet,
 Men pluck, grow tir'd, and cast them at their feet.

Be this your plan, to this alone attend ;
 Seek not admirers, gain one real friend.
 In public places let your charms be shewn,
 The loveliest face is nothing if unknown.

* Pope's Abelard and Eloisa.

Come then, dear nymph, with me here take thy stand, *

The basket dangling from thy snowy hand ;
 Together thro' the boxes will we go,
 Whisper each rake, and ogle every beau.
 Thy wanton eye, thy every graceful charm,
 E'en vigour-wanting B —— shall warm.
 To thee, on tip-toe soft, see March advance,
 Deck'd out in all the frippery of France :
 See atheist Twitcher comes, that lewd old goat,
 Whose harden'd features every vice denote ;
 Let not his tempting tongue thy passions move,
 He'll pick your pocket, while he's making love. †
 Pale as the pamper'd hope of some fond mother,
 See T —— S ——, Tony's own dear brother ;
 A pair so justly match'd, 'tis hard to tell,
 Which doth the other by one vice excel.

But chiefly mark that youth who skulks behind,
 Sullen he seems, dejected much of mind,—
 'Tis L ——, —who betrayed his country's cause,
 Laugh'd at her rights, and broke her noblest laws.
 Shun him—ye young, ye unsuspecting fair,
 For he is skill'd to ruin and ensnare :
 There's scarce a day, but by his art beguil'd,
 Some frantic mother weeps her wretched child.

* At Foote's Theatre.

† Vid. An heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers.

One girl there was, *—, 'tis such a tale of woe,
 Would make the tears from sternest tyrants flow ;
 Nor have I time, at present, to relate
 The lost, forsaken Kitty's hapless fate.

Detect this worthless tribe, this vicious race,
 With their unhallow'd touch, pollute not thy em-
 brace ;
 Deaf to their words, and to their bribes proye blind,
 We many L ——— for one Eden find.

* Vide the following.

A N E P I S T L E

TO THE HON. MR. ———, IN BEHALF OF AN
 UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY.

————— *Quis talia fando*
Temperet a lacrymis?

VIRG.

[Among the many miserable wretches whom Mr.
 ——— has ruin'd, he scarcely, perhaps, recollects
 the unfortunate Kitty T——y; the intention of
 the following short epistle is to awaken his pity, and
 to recall to his mind a wretched outcast, whom it is
 yet in his power to rescue from infamy and perdi-
 tion.]

Her

Her extreme * youth, her sense, her beauty, all plead in her behalf. Without putting Mr. —— to any great expence, many ways may be found of providing for her; for himself, the author avows, that the most disinterested generosity was his only motive for publishing the following lines; should they have the intended effect, he will think his trouble amply repaid.

“ Next to relieve innocence distress,
To plead its cause, declares a generous breast.”]

— IF yet, enslav'd by vice, there rest
One spark of love, or honour in your breast;
If not quite lost to every generous sense,
You still can feel for injur'd innocence;
Think of that hapless fair—whose youthful charms
So lately blest your closely-circling arms.
The foremost one in pleasure's gilded scene;
The fairest votary of the Cyprian Queen;
Now—to all hope, to every comfort lost,
By the wide waves of stern affliction tost,
Doom'd to endure the cruel pangs of need,
Cast from thy bosom like a poisonous weed;
Doom'd, as despair points out the gloomy way,
Along the paths of infamy to stray.

* Scarcely yet seventeen.

Much.

Much-injur'd girl, to better prospects born,
 Tho' now abandon'd, left to weep and mourn.
 Fortune smil'd flattering on her natal hour,
 Blest her with sense, and beauty's choicest flow'r ;
 Nor were her parents of ignoble race,
 In her, a generous line first knew disgrace :
 Her father * sleeps with those illustrious dead
 Who fought for Albion, and for Albion bled.
 Happy in death—he never liv'd to see
 His much-lov'd child---his Kitty's infamy.

And can you, —— ——, peace or pleasure know,
 While lost she wanders, sunk in guilt and woe,
 Recal the hours, when to her blooming face
 The smile of innocence lent every grace.
 When in her love-form'd and all-spotless breast,
 Content and happiness had plac'd their nest ;
 And dwelt, 'till you, to your eternal shame,
 An envious fiend, a subtle tempter, came.
 Triumphant forc'd those virtues to retreat,
 And much-reluctant quit their favourite seat.
 Reflect one moment, with what treacherous art
 You won to love her unsuspecting heart :
 Her all she gave—her peace—her virgin fame—
 And fondly chang'd them for reinforce and shame.
 When torn from a fond mother's last embrace,
 You gave her to a lost, a hapless race ;

* He was a captain in the army.

With

With them to prostitute her blooming charms,
 Joyless to every comer's loathsome arms.
 Say, for that end was form'd thy Kitty's face,
 Her noble air, her more than female grace ;
 Those eyes, that with such fire and meaning glow,
 Those cheeks of roses, and those breasts of snow ;
 Those lovely locks, in wanton ringlets spread,
 Those ivory teeth, those lips as coral red ;
 Those coral lips, from whence proceed a voice
 So soft, so sweet, 'twou'd make dispair rejoice ?
 No, she was surely form'd, thus fair, to prove
 The perfect joys of pure and mutual love ;
 To bless in Hymen's bands some happy youth,
 With beauty, virtue, constancy, and truth.

Such was her lot, and still in one smooth stream
 Her hours had flow'd, her life a pleasant dream ;
 Had you ne'er come to tempt her far astray,
 From where meek virtue pointed out her way ;
 Chang'd this fair scene, and blasted all her joys,
 As the rude North the blooming Spring destroys.
 Full well you knew, to what b' r youth you doom'd,
 To be in anguish and in tears consum'd ;
 To be of brutal lust the hapless slave,
 To end her sorrows in an early grave.
 What time, what schemes, what art you us'd to blind
 The dawning virtues of a generous mind ;

With

With what false oaths her virgin fears suppress,
 With what false hopes inspir'd her youthful breast ;
 So when to death, the chosen victim's led,
 'The fatal paths with fairest flowers are spread.
 Unfeeling youth ! ere yet it be too late,
 Think on thy once lov'd Kitty's wretched fate.
 See, to assist my words, the fair appears,
 Her faded cheeks worn with incessant tears ;
 On you, her grief-swoln eyes, imploring throws,
 On you, the guilty author of her woes.
 And pleads not conscience, hourly in thy breast,
 For thy lov'd Kitty, injur'd and opprest ?
 O hear us then, while yet you've pow'r to save
 'The lovely mourner sinking to the grave.
 Yet, yet, she loves, ungrateful tho' you prove,
 Cruel and false, and ever must she love.
 Midst all her griefs, for you, the much wrong'd fair
 Solicits heav'n with never-ceasing pray'r ;
 For you, she joyless wastes the ling'ring day,
 For you, she weeps the midnight hours away.
 Soothe then her soul, and silence all her fears,
 And wipe from her full eyes the streaming tears ;
 Of sorrow's cup no longer let her taste,
 Nor in the shade of grief her beauties waste.

TO

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC AD-
VERTISER.

*"Quicquid agunt Homines, VOTUM, TIMOR, IRA, VOLUPTAS,
GAUDIA, DISCURSUS, nostri est FARRAGO Libellus.*

JUVENAL.—I. 86.

SIR,

SOME time ago I communicated to the public a method of reading the news-papers *cross ways*, (vide Vol. II.) and at the same time gave a specimen of the effects of this new way of reading.

The favourable reception which that little piece met with, has induced me to offer a second part. If it should be remarked, that many of the following *cross-readings* appear to be political, I hope the good-natured public will not impute it to me, but to the circumstances of the times.—The politics of late have resembled the weather ; the familiarity between the political and the natural atmosphere is extremely striking ; we have experienced a great deal of foul weather in both. Party writings have long poured upon us, without intermission ; every day the torrent gains new strength ; all *essays* to stop it, or to confine it within proper limits, are in vain ; the inundation spreads ; the news-papers are covered with it ; and we are threatened (mercy on us !) with a *political DELUGE*

DELUGE. 'Tis true, indeed, that we occasionally meet with a few letters of morality, or of humour;

Apparent rari NANTES in GURGITE VASTO.

They shine awhile on the surface, but soon are borne down with the tide, and are lost in the gulf of party.

It was impossible for me, in wading *across* this flood of politics, not to imbibe the complexion of the stream ; and if there seem to be any *personalities* in the following cross-lines, (to speak without metaphor) it would be equally unjust to find fault with *me*, as with the compositor who set the types, and placed the lines of one column exactly opposite to those of another.—This is no business of mine ; 'tis the work of the journeyman printer : He is the Master of Ceremonies in this kind of **CONTRE-DANCE**, who fixes your rank, and chooses your partner ; and in doing this, as he is only assisted by blind chance, and couples you together at random, what a motley dance must it produce ! being composed of persons whose humours and characters are as opposite as fire and water, oil and vinegar ! made up indiscriminately of all ages and sexes, all ranks and professions, high and low, rich and poor, civil and military, church and state, court and city.

Such a hodge-podge, or mess-medley, is a London news-paper ! a political mixture of heterogeneous ingredients,

ingredients, and discordant combinations ; where we daily meet with *certain* intelligence—totally destitute of foundation ; *authentic* advices—political lies ; where we are told, that our disputes with Spain are on the point of being amicably settled—and that a war is inevitable ; where we are assured, that we have upwards of thirty sail of the line ready for service—and that we have not so many as *twelve* ; where our naval force is said to equal to the combined fleets of all Europe—and yet not a match for any *one* branch of the House of Bourbon ; where we are represented at the same instant as poor and distressed—rich and flourishing ; perfectly secure in our liberties and properties—yet groaning under the weight of slavery and oppression ; where the self-same person is represented as being both dead and alive ; in a deep decline—and in perfect health ; where one and the same character is DEIFIED and BEDEVIL'D ; where a minister is treated with the most bitter invective, and the most fulsome panegyric ; whilst JUNIUS *japans* him on one side, and MODESTUS *white-washes* him on t'other, he marches along, like the man in the MASQUERADE, a walking picture in *Cbiaro Oscuro*.

Now I will submit it to any number of *politicians* within the bills of mortality, whether the above portrait of a news-paper is a *true* likeness, or a CARICATURE ;

RICATURE ; and in order to assist their determinations upon this important point, I recommend the following extracts to their most serious consideration.

PAPYRIUS CURSOR,

TO-MORROW the House of Commons will meet—

* * * The cocks to be pitted at three.

Warm debates are expected in both houses—

—A constant supply, fresh from Billingsgate.

We hear that a divorce will speedily take place—

A new recipe for the distemper among the horned cattle.

Yesterday there were violent disputes in the Common-Council—

For some time past the Volcano has been extremely turbulent.

Russia and the Porte have settled an Armistice—

A method of CURING RUPTURES, without cutting.

We learn from Berlin, that his Majesty—

Was convicted of debasing the current coin.

Owing to the general complaint of scarcity of money—

We hear there will be a vote of CREDIT.

Now

Now in rehearsal the *Different Mother*, a tragedy—
Occasioned by the undutiful behaviour of the colonies.

Arrived at Liverpool with dispatches from America—

The *Canterbury* flying machine, *in one day*.

Notwithstanding the present exorbitant price of candles—

Some *dark* transactions will soon be brought to light.

There is a general combination of the ladies of Boston—

To encourage none but their own commodities.

'Tis asserted that Dr. Franklin will soon be in London—

After which will be presented PROMETHEUS, *with alterations*.

Yesterday ended the races at Newmarket—

At which several of the great Officers of State assisted.

Last night there was a meeting of the *female co-
serie*—

And five of the most hardened committed to Bridewell.

Yesterday the Queen was safely delivered—

To be continued *annually*.

Laf

Last night a large ship broke from her moorings—

††† N. B. This is *not* the first time of her eloping.

She received considerable damage in her hull—

Therefore I will pay no debts of her contracting,

COUNTRY DANCES taught, with the true method
of footing—

Particularly addressed to the dealers in HOPS,

MONEY, to any amount, always ready—

††† No family ought to be without it.

A large assortment of rich CARDINALS and CAPU,
CHINS—

Renounced the errors at St. Martin's church,

To the curious liquid BLACKING—

JUNIUS in our next.

Yesterday a patriotic motion was made in a great assembly—

It burnt very fiercely, but did not damage the house adjoining.

'Tis reported that Jamaica is taken by a Spanish fleet—

And carried into the Havannah.

The Spaniards have sunk one of our frigates in the Mediterranean—

This day was published, THE FALSE ALARM.

The

The grand Brest fleet will sail some time in June—
To which will be added, *the force of THE IN-
VASION.*

Mareschal Broglio is to make a descent with 40,000
men—

CORK JACKETS of a new invention are recom-
mended.

Yesterday there was a proclamation for a GENERAL FAST—

It was warmly opposed in the Court of Aldermen;
The order of the *fast* was strictly observed—
By the parish poor, in London and Westminster.

Friday being the day appointed for a *national humili-
ation*—

The new appointed commissioners embarked for
America.

On Wednesday evening died, after eating a hearty
supper —

Eminent Common-Councilman for the Ward of
Portsmouth.

He was buried in the same vault with his spouse—
At present below par; but it is thought they will
be up again.

Is any one costive, or troubled with wind?—
It is confidently reported, at the other end.

Prodigious

Prodigious crowds resort to the new chapel—
They will hear something greatly to their advantage.

Whereas several reports, tending to blacken—
Maliciously insinuating that I have been white-washed.

Lost, or mislaid by accident—
The reputation of a lady at the west-end—

That famous horse Othello, alias Black and all
Black—

To be one of her Ladyship's domestic Chaplains.

" Serious Thoughts on the Decrease of Population"—

First serious man, Signor Tenducci.

A young woman, genteely educated, is willing—
A Captain on the Irish Establishment would be
glad to—

Last night a violent quarrel arose—
At a general meeting of the *Amicable Society*.

There was a terrible riot, and some blood spilt—
Far exceeding our most *sanguine* expectations.

Yesterday the annuity-bill received the royal assent—
In the evening their Majesties went to Israel in Egypt.

Josephus' History of the Destruction of the Jews—
Mr. Wedderburn has added several clauses.

To-morrow will be opened the Exhibition of Pictures—

Having met with the greatest success on our Canvas.

During the poll there was the greatest appearance of candour—

Owing to a considerable fall of snow, the preceding night.

Yesterday being the birth-day of John Wilkes, Esq.—

The damage done thereby is said to be considerable.

To all lovers of Alderney cows—

Alderman Bull is arrived from Bath perfectly recovered.

We hear from Cassel, that his Serene Highness—

A very eminent carcase butcher.

We hear from Copenhagen, that they are preparing—

The revived Tragedy of the Ambitious Step-Mother.

It is confidently reported, that the Czarina—

The Second Edition of Semiramis.

There is now preparing, by order of the Pope—

An infallible remedy for corps.

On

On Tuesday, at a Common-Hall, a Remonstrance was voted—

Never were inflammatory disorders so frequent.

The following is said to be the subject of the Remonstrance—

" By G—d Wee will set your House on Fierr, ~~if~~ you refuse."

We beseech you, Sire, to comply with our most just request—

" Wee have all swor to it, and damn our Bludds if Wee doant."

Last night a desperate gang broke into a house in Pall-Mall—

And they all had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand.

Wednesday at two o'clock, the Remonstrance was presented—

It happily miss'd fire, and the rogues escaped.

On Sunday last, a large quantity of combustibles— Delivered to a congregation of Dissenters at Hackney.

To the Disciples of Dr. Price, A Caution—

Yesterday John the Painter was hanged at Portsmouth.

The surplus of the Sinking Fund is now higher than ever—

A remarkable instance of the decay of our trade and manufactures.

'Tis whispered that a noble L—— has married his mistress—

In pursuance of a late Act for *inclosing Commons*.

Lord Bute is expected to return about Christmas—

After which will be presented, "A Peep behind the Curtain."

There is a fresh talk of a change in those at the helm—

* * * The Master to be spoke with on the Scotch Walk.

And we hear that several eminent patriots—

* * * Beware of such, for they are counterfeits.

The following clergymen are candidates for the vacant lecureship—

* * * Four to one on High Flyer.

Last week set out on a matrimonial trip to Scotland—

First night, Love finds the Way.

The Bishop of Llandaff intends to propose—

Angrading and repairing the road from Maidenhead.

In

In order to prevent the growth of adultery—
 Some addition will be made in the *house-duty*.
 Whereas most people are subject to the *piles*—
 Just published, *A Dissertation on our latter End.*

The present fashion of Cork-Rumps—
 —Left fitting thereon.

A bill is now preparing to *naturalize*—
 The enormous heads of our modern fine ladies.
 For the certain cure of impotence in men—
 A bill will be brought in to enable.

We hear from Doctors-Commons, that four ladies
 of rank—
 Aground on *Cuckolds-Point*, and can't be got off.

It is said the Master-Taylors have combined—
 With double costs of suit.

Soho. A new Hotel is opened—
 —Very best Drabs at One Guinea.

A certain great assembly will meet the 13th—
 After which will be presented, *The Devil to Pay.*

'Tis earnestly recommended to the orators in both
 houses—

The History and Practice of Civil Actions.

Disapp'red some time since, and supposed to be dead—

Fair argument, and candour of debate.

Genuine Patriotism, or a disinterested Love of our Country—

Fables, for the Amusement of Children.

We hear that several members of both houses—
Bull-finches that pipe at command.

The following is a correct list of the minority—
—To be disposed of, in one lot.

Some people pretend there will be a coalition—
A cement much stronger than common glue.

It has been observed that some leaders of opposition—

With their horses' heads towards St. James's.

The Constitutional Society meet on Tuesday—
—N. B. It will be Full Moon.

*Tis said the patriotic minority intend to perfid—
*or Advice gratis.

**AN EPISTLE * FROM WILLIAM LORD RUSSELL, TO
WILLIAM LORD CAVENDISH.**

**BY THE LATE GEORGE CANNING, OF THE MIDDLE
TEMPLE, ESQ.**

*Inimicus & invisus Tyrannis,
Nulla dies anquam memori vos eximet aet.
VIRGIL.*

LOST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black shades augment the savage sound,
'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfeffer'd, Cavendish, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the
cause,
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,

* This Epistle is supposed to have been written by Lord Russell, on Friday night, July 20th, 1683, in Newgate; that prison having been the place of his confinement for some days immediately preceding his execution. In the reign of George the Third, a most black and impotent attempt was made to destroy the fair fame of this public-spirited nobleman.

Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
 But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide ;
 Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
 Or melt thy gen'rous soul with tales of woe ;
 No : view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
 As when the welcome mandate I obey'd—
 Heav'n's ! with what pride that moment I recall !
 Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall !
 When England's Genius, hov'ring o'er, inspir'd
 Her chosen sons, with love of freedom fir'd,
 Spite of ~~an~~ abject, servile, pension'd train,
 Minions of pow'r, and worshippers of gain,
 To save from bigotry its destin'd prey,
 And shield three nations from tyrannic sway.

'Twas then my Ca'ndish caught the glorious flame,
 The happy omen of his future fame ;
 Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
 The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,
 His words, deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,
 Had pow'r to make e'en liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in oratory's lore,
 Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs
 o'er,
 In plain, blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd,
 Warin from the heart, and to the heart address'd.

Justice

Justice prevail'd ; yes, justice, let me say,
 Well pois'd her scales on that auspicious day.
 The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
 Nor trusts his flock to try th' unequal war ;
 What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,
 And check the fire that flashes from his eyes ?
 Should once his barb'rous fangs the fold invade,
 Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid,
 Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
 His jaws distend, his fiery eye-balls glare,
 While ghastly desolation, stalking round,
 With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, memory, fail ! nor let my mind revolve,
 How England's Peers annull'd the just resolve,
 Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
 And laid at once her great Palladium low !

Degen'rate nobles ! yes, by heav'n I swear,
 Had Bedford's self appear'd delinquent there,
 And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
 To thwart th' exclusion of Apostate James,
 All filial ties had then been left at large,
 And I myself the first to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
 Time cannot change, nor tyranny controul ;

While free, they hung upon my penitive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foile'd, I submit; nor think the meafe hard,
For conscious virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtle art,
To wring retraction from my tortur'd heart;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country must be sav'd;
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own;
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd,
Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
But banish James, or England is no more.

Friendship her tender offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,
Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb—
Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime!
Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,
Charles be a faint, and James his nature change.

Prest'd by friends, and Rachel's fond desires,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd;
I sued—

I sued—the weak attempt I blush to own—
 I sued for mercy, prostrate at the throne.
 O ! blot the foible out, my noble friend,
 With human firmness human feelings blend !
 When love's endearments softest moments seize,
 And love's dear pledges hang upon the knees ;
 When nature's strongest ties the soul enthrall ;
 (Thou can't conceive, for thou hast felt them all !)
 Let him resist their prevalence, who can ;
 He must, indeed, be more, or less than man.

Yet let me yield my Rachel honour due,
 The tend'rest wife, the noblest heroine too.
 Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
 Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame !
 When suppliant pray'r no pardon could obtain,
 And, wond'rous strange ! e'en Bedford's gold prov'd
 vain,
 Th' informer's part her gen'rous soul abhor'd,
 Tho' life preserv'd had been the sure reward ;
 Let impious Howard act such treach'rous scenes,
 And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O ! my lov'd Rachel ! name for ever dear !
 Not writ, not spoke, not thought without a tear !
 Whose heav'nly virtues, and unfading charms,
 Have bless'd thro' happy years my peaceful arms !

Parting with thee into my cup was thrown,
 Its harshest dregs, else had not forc'd a groan !—
 But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—
 And now the bitterness of death is past.

Burnet and Tillotson, with pious care,
 My fleeting soul for heav'nly bliss prepare,
 Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
 Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day.
 Charm'd, as of old, when Israel's prophet sung,
 Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,
 While the great bard sublimest truths explor'd,
 Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd ;
 So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
 Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But when, descending from the sacred theme,
 Of boundless pow'r, and excellence supreme,
 They would for man, and his precarious throne,
 Exact obedience, due to heav'n alone,
 Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
 And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands ;
 The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
 And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What ! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
 And stop the source whence all his pow'r he draws ?

His

His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
 Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay?
 To shameful falsehoods venal slaves suborn,
 And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn?
 Deride religion, justice, honour, fame,
 And hardly know of honesty the name?
 In luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
 And only toil to forge his subjects chains?
 And shall he hope the Public Voice to drown,
 The voice which gave, and can resume his crown?

When Conscience bears her horrors, and the dread
 Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,
 Wrings his black soul; when injur'd nations groan,
 And cries of millions shake his tott'ring throne;
 Shall flatt'ring churchmen soothe his guilty ears,
 With tortur'd texts, to calm his growing fears;
 Exalt his pow'r above th' æthereal climes,
 And call down heav'n to sanctify his crimes!

O impious doctrine!—Servile priests, away!
 Your prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the monarch! who, in evil hour,
 Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless pow'r!
 The magic potion boils within his veins,
 And locks each sense in adamantine chains;

Reason

Reason revolts, infatiate thirst ensues,
 The wild delirium each fresh draught generates ;
 In vain his people urge him to refrain,
 His faithful servants supplicate in vain ;
 He quaffs at length, impatient of control,
 The bitter drops that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and pow'r your aims,
 You ev'n could make a Solomon of James.
 Behold the pedant, thron'd in awkward state,
 Absorb'd in pride, ridiculously great ;
 His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
 His prelates call his voice the voice of God ;
 Weakness and vanity with them combine,
 And James believes his Majesty Divine.
 Presumptuous wretch ! almighty pow'r to scan,
 While ev'ry action prove him less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
 Martyr'd by you, a royal Charles has bled.
 Teach then, ye sycophants ! O teach his son,
 The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun ;
 Teach him to prize religion's sacred claim,
 Teach him how Virtue leads to honest fame,
 How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brow adorns,
 Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.

Point

Point to his view his people's love alone,
 The solid basis of his steadfast throne ;
 Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,
 The bad to punish, and the good reward ;
 Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,
 And willing subjects shall with pride obey,
 Shall vie to execute his high commands,
 His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their
 hands.

Happy the Prince ! thrice firmly fix'd his crown !
 Who builds on public good his chaste renown ;
 Studios to bless, who knows no second aim,
 His people's interest, and his own the same ;
 The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
 And thus heav'n's high prerogative he shares.
 Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,
 O'er all the land its gladd'ning influence sheds,
 Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
 And foul Corruption flies th' indignant shore.

His ministers with joy their courses run,
 And borrow lustre from the royal sun.

But should some upstart, train'd in slavery's school,
 Learn'd in the maxims of despotic rule,
 Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,
 (Mysterious cloak ! the mind's defect to hide !)

Sardis

Sordid in small things, prodigal in great,
 Saving for minions, squand'ring for the state—
 Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,
 Obscure the glories of a prosp'rous reign ;
 Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,
 A pious prince's unsuspecting heart ;
 Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
 Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne ;
 To guide the helm a motley crew compose,
 Servile to him, the king's and country's foes ;
 Meanly descend each paltry place to fill,
 With tools of pow'r, and panders to his will ;
 Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,
 Except such slaves as bow the knee to Baal—
 Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour—
 Short be the date of his detested pow'r !
 Soon may his sov'reign break his iron rods,
 And hear his people, for *their voice is God's!*

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers!
cease,
 Suffer your rulers to repose in peace ;
 By reason led, give proper names to things,
 God made them men, the people made them kings ;
 To all their acts but legal pow'rs belong,
Thus England's monarch never can do wrong;
 Of right divine let foolish Filmer dream,
The public welfare is the law supreme.

Lives

Lives there a wretch, whose base, degen'rate soul,
 Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern controul ?
 Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand,
 In galling chains that binds his native land ?
 Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
 Abandon all his ancestors held dear ?
 Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
 England's Great Charter made a ruffian's spoil ?
 Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd country groan,
 Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne ?
 Let such to freedom forfeit all their claims,
 And Charles's minions be the slaves of James.

But soft awhile—Now, Cavendish, attend
 The warm effusions of thy dying friend ;
 Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
 When thus to heav'n he makes his last appeal.

All-gracious God ! whose goodness knows no
 bounds,
 Whose pow'r the ample universe surrounds !
 In whose great balance, infinitely just,
 Kings are but men, and men are only dust !
 At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,
 And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls !

Thou hear'st not, Lord ! an hypocrite complain,
 And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain ;

To

To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still can't
spare!

Tho' partial pow'r its ministers may awe,
And murder here by specious forms of law ;
The axe, which executes the harsh decree,
Wounds but the flesh, to set the spirit free !
Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,
Who, spurning earth, to heav'n for refuge flies ;
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
Build his firm trust ; — that rock can never fail !

Hear then, Jehovah ! bear thy servant's pray'r !
Be England's welfare thy peculiar care !
Defend her laws, her worship chaste and pure,
And guard her rights while earth and heav'n endure !
O ! let not ever fell tyrranic sway,
His blood-stain'd standard on her shores display !
Nor fiery Zeal usurp thy holy name,
Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame !
In vain let Slavery shake her threat'ning chain,
And Persecution wave her torch in vain !
Arise, O Lord ! and hear thy people's call !
Not for one man let three great kingdoms fall !

O ! that my blood may glut the barb'rous rage,
Of freedom's foes, and England's ill-assuage ! —

Grant

Grant but that pray'r, I ask for no repeat,
 A willing victim for my country's weal !
 With rape'ream joy the crimson stream shall flow,
 And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow !

But should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human
 gore,
 Dire bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
 And, arm'd with Rome, seek this devoted land,
 Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand—
 Blast her fell purpose ! blast her foul desires !
 Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fire !

Raise up some Champion, zealous to maintain
 The sacred compact, by which monarchs reign !
 Wise to foresee all dangers from afar,
 And brave to meet the thunders of the war !
 Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
 And love of freedom fill his gen'rous mind !
 Warm let his breast with sparks celestial glow,
 Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe !
 While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
 Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm !
 Inspire his counsels ! aid his righteous sword !
 Till Albion rings with—Liberty restor'd !
 Thence let her years in bright succession run ;
 And freedom reign coeval with the sun !

"Tis

"Tis done, my Ca'ndish, heav'n has heard my
pray'r,
So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
That happy coast, whence all our hopes arise !
Behold the prince, perhaps thy future king !
From whose green years maturest blessings spring ;
Whose youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming pow'r
Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,
With firm-brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,
And stopp'd the unwieldy giant in his course.

Great William hail ! who sceptres could'st despise,
And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes !
O ! when will princes learn to copy thee,
And leave mankind, as heav'n ordain'd them, free !

Haste, mighty chief ! our injur'd rights restore !
Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore !
Haste, mighty chief ! Ere millions groan enslave'd ;
And add three realms to one already sav'd !
While freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,
And reap fresh honours each returning year :
Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,
And endless ages bless thy glorious name !

Then

Then shall my Ca'ndish, foremost in the field,
 By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield ;
 While willing legions crowd around his car,
 And rush impetuous to the righteous war.
 On that great day be ev'ry chance defied,
 And think thy Russel combats by thy side ;
 Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy gen'rous toil,
 Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart believe
 Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive ;
 Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
 But O ! reject the baseless, flatt'ring tale.

Think not that promises, or oaths can bind,
 With solemn ties, a Rome devoted mind ;
 Which yields to all the holy juggler faith,
 And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
 What tho' the bigot raise to heav'n his eyes,
 And call th' Almighty witness from the skies !]
 Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
 To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,
 All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud,
 And saint the perjurer for the pious fraud.

Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,
 And seek proud Rome, the fost'rer of his crimes ;
 There

There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,
 And scatter empty thunders in the 'air.
 Grimly preside in Superstition's school,
 And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.

Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu,
 While heav'n's bright mansions open to my view.

Yet still one care, one tender care remains ;
 My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains !
 Watch o'er my son, inform his waxen youth,
 And mould his mind to virtue and to truth ;
 Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
 And envy him, who for his country dies ;
 In one short sentence to comprise the whole,
 Transfuse to him the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too gen'rous friend,
 Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend !
 Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,
 Proceed, and prosper in the glorious cause ;
 While I, tho' vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
 But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

Let princely Monmouth courtly wiles beware,
 Nor trust too far to fond paternal care ;
 Too oft' dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
 Heav'n only knows how noble Essex fell !

Sidney

Sidney yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
 Ranges at large thro' systems unconfin'd ;
 Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's pow'r,
 And hurl's defiance even from the Tow'r ;
 With tranquil brow awaits th' unjust decree,
 And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

Ca'ndish, farewell ! may fame our names entwine !
 Thro' life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine ;
 With pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,
 And thus inscribe my monumental stone :—

Here Russel lies, enfranchis'd by the grave,
 He priz'd his birthright, ner would live a slave.
 Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
 Dear were his friends, his country still more dear ;
 In parents, children, wife, supremely blefs'd,
 But that one passion swallow'd all the rest ;
 To guard her freedom was his only pride,
 Such was his love, and for that love he died.

Yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays
 Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise ;
 For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his fate,
 And think'st, perhaps, his suff'rings were too great)
 Bless'd as he was, at HER imperial call,
 Wife, children, parents, he resign'd them all ;

Each

Each fond affection then forsook his soul,
 And *amor patriæ* occupied the whole ;
 In that great cause he joy'd to meet his doom,
 Bless'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

The hour draws near—But what are hours to me ?
 Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish'd flee !
 Time, and his glass unheeded pass away,
 Absorb'd, and lost in one vast flood of day !
 On Freedom's wings my soul is borne on high,
 And soars exulting to its native sky !

ON A HANDSOME LANDLADY.

IT has been observed of the writings of the late Harry Fielding, of facetious memory, that he seemed never so happy as when he could get into the chimney-corner of an inn-kitchen. In like manner you must have perceived, that my letters to you during my rustication, have favoured of the affection which I have always entertained for my honest friend the landlord, and his civil attendants, up from John Boots to Betty Chambermaid. I shall therefore make no apology for giving you an account of the reception I met with at the last inn I put up at ; where, indeed, I sufficiently experienced the truth of the following observation of bishop Corbet :

" All

“ All travellers, this heavy judgment hear !
 “ An handsome hostess makes a reck’ning dear :
 “ Each word, each look, your purses must requite
 “ ‘em,
 “ And every welcome adds another *item.*”

My horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to baiting, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first inn I came to, which happened to be the Castle ; when I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to have been some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon my alighting, most politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of her’s, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of an old city churl, at once removed all my prudent œconomical resolutions of eating only just a snap of cold meat, and away : of my own accord, I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down ; but my landlady, dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted ; and, on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done. She then asked me, in a most bewitching manner, if I chose

to drink any thing ; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she inticed me to toss up a glass of sherry, to get me an appetite, which, before, she had concluded I could not want, and she even had the complaisance to pledge me. When dinner was served up, I was surprised to see a dish of eels brought in ; and on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said she thought I had ordered them ; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part she was excessively fond of them. As that was the case, I could by no means consent to their being taken away ; and, after we had done with the fish and the chickens, a dish of tarts spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command. My kind landlady intreated me to taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me, or taken to herself, a bit out of each sort. I should have told you, that, during dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, Rhenish, mountain, Lisbon, &c, and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a cup, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand.

hand. When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink ; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked ; at the same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had. However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and ordered a simple bottle of port. When this was brought, I asked if I should help her ? she told me she never touched that sort of wine ; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon, which she liked better. She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, she said, she could drink a glass or two herself ; but finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities that passed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horse ; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short, her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting, and her artifices so inveigling, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the justness of Bishop

O 2

Corbet's

Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed, as I had ordered a superfluity of viands that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my hostess's sweet company, I think that the bill, instead of the usual articles of bread and beer—chicken—wine, &c. might have been made out—for a smile—an ogle—a squeeze by the hand—a chuck under the chin—a kiss, &c.—so much. For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an inn, where the landlady is not as ugly as Mother Redcap.

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

A FABLE.

AT dawn of day the farmer rose;
 The deadly snares were set;
A lark with piercing cries and throes
 Was struggling in the net.

The flutt'ring pris'ner begg'd his life;
 O! pity me! he said;
 *Twould kill my children and my wife,
 To hear that I was dead.

I hurt

I hurt no creature, I ; the whole
 Wood round might vouch for me ;
 I nor thy gold, nor silver stole ;
 Let innocence be free.

One grain indeed this fatal morn
 I took ; 'twas all I did.
 To die for one poor grain of corn !
 Alas ! kind heav'n forbid.

A red-breast from a neighb'ring tree
 Beheld his hapless state ;
 Ah ! cease thy piteous plaint, said she ;
 Nor hope to shun thy fate.

Poor bird ! be sure thy death's decreed ;
 No eloquence will do ;
 Since he, the wretch to whom you plead,
 Is judge and party too.'

J. H.

The subject of the following fragment, is the recital of a melancho'y circumstance, which is said to have happened at the battle of Shrewsbury, which H. Percy, surnamed Hotspur, lost (together with his life) to King Henry IV. and his son. The event is uncommon, and serves to set forth the horrors of civil war.

EMMA OF SHREWSBURY.

A FRAGMENT.

WHERE wide Salopia's fertile plains extend,
 And circling Severn bids her waters bend,
 When the fourth Henry England's sceptre sway'd,
 Young Emma liv'd, a fair and virtuous maid :
 Sweet was her breath as roses newly blown,
 Such was her form, as Venus self might own ;
 So gently fram'd, so innocently gay,
 She charm'd all eyes, and stole all hearts away.
 But one alone, of all the noble train
 That sought her hand, her favour could obtain :
 Edwin his name, rich, young, and nobly bold ;
 With passing art each tender tale he told ;
 Her fire and brother to his suit gave ear,
 And blushing Emma saw her nuptials near ;

When

When angry Percy, in an evil hour,
 Defy'd his king, and rais'd a mighty pow'r ;
 And on the Severn's banks resolv'd to dare
 Great Henry and his youthful heir to war.
 Her father, Morcar, (once a valiant knight)
 Now, worn with age, abstain'd from fields of fight ;
 Yet for his king he rous'd his son to arms,
 Experienc'd Edwin, train'd to war's alarms :
 But Edwin, now engag'd on Percy's side,
 At Morcar's hands in vain demands his bride ;
 Till, by surprize, beneath the night's dim shade,
 He to the camp convey'd the lovely maid.
 For him her father, brother, glad she leaves,
 And, ere the fight, his proffer'd vows receives.

The battle join'd, amid' that scene of blood,
 A blooming warrior by his side she stood ;
 Now fits his armour with officious cares,
 Now for his safety wearies heav'n with pray'rs.
 Amaz'd her foes survey the warlike bride,
 And turn their half descending swords aside.

But now the prince, whose fate in after days,
 Design'd his country's name in arms to raise,
 Glowing with rage, preferring fame to life,
 Singl'd forth Edwin in the fatal strife ;

Nor Emma here the field inglorious fled,
 Thrice twang'd her bow, and thrice her shafts sped :

But vain her aid, her lover's valour vain,
 By furious Monmouth stretch'd upon the plain ;
 And here one fate two faithful hearts had join'd,
 In death united, as in life combin'd ;
 But gallant Percy, threat'ning from afar,
 Gloomy and dreadful, rush'd amid the war,
 Preserv'd her from the victor's threat'ning dart,
 And aim'd a deadly jav'lin at his heart :
 The spear no passage thro' his buckler found,
 But o'er his shoulder fix'd a ghastly wound ;
 With heavy eyes, that shot forth gloomy fires,
 He drops his lance, and from the fight retires.

Now low in earth had England's hope been laid,
 But Edred hasten'd timely to his aid ;
 With eager speed before the prince he press'd,
 Oppos'd the steel, and felt it in his breast ;
 Unhappy Emma saw her brother slain,
 And her lov'd Edwin on the hostile plain.
 The pitying Percy sought to sooth her care,
 And bore her fainting from the ranks of war ;
 Forc'd from her grasp her lover's fatal sword,
 Which else had given her passage to her lord.
 " When we return (said he) with glory crown'd,
 " To heal thy woes shall some relief be found ;
 " Unbounded

" Unbounded joy shall bid complaining cease,
 " And speak thy woe-fraught bosom into peace."

In vain, alas : the prince returns no more,
 Stretch'd on the sedgy Severn's naked shore,
 Condemn'd in fight a hapless end to meet,
 Beneath his royal conqu'ring rival's feet ;
 Ev'n where his lance had given the erring wound,
 His own undaunted body prest the ground :
 Greatly he fell !—but Emma, weeping maid,
 The victor-princes from the field convey'd ;
 While angry Monmouth's tears were seen to flow,
 To hear the beauteous rebel's tale of woe.
 He charg'd his guards with tender care to bear,
 To Morcar's house, the sadly mourning fair ;
 But ere she reach'd the hospitable dome,
 Her once much-lov'd, and dear, delightful home,
 Her father's clay-cold corse, a weeping train,
 Bore to her feet, by his own poniard slain ;
 For Rumour's tongue had spread his son's sad fate,
 And Henry victor in the stern debate,
 Small hope of Emma's forfeit life could yield,
 Ev'n if she 'scap'd the horrors of the field.
 Despairing thus, the aged chieftain fell,
 And bade, with sighs, a wretched world farewell.
 Thus press'd with grief, in all her wishes cross'd,
 Her sire, her brother, and her lover lost,

Fix'd, motionless she stood, nor silence broke,
 (As one who feels th' avenging thunder's stroke)
 At length, (fear adding strength) the virgin-bride,
 Burst from her train, and sought the Severn's side ;
 Ev'n there, where once the young Sabrina brave
 Perish'd, indignant, in the foaming wave ;
 With streaming eyes and agonizing woe,
 The damsel plung'd her in the deep below.
 For her no trophy'd hearse, no torches bright,
 Gild the dun horrors of the conscious night ;
 But weeping heav'n pours fast a rushing show'r,
 And Severn lifts his waves, distain'd with gore ;
 Loud thunders roll, and livid lightnings play,
 The simple swains with horror mark the day ;
 Some say, that by the moon's pale light they view'd
 Her shade ascending from the angry flood,
 Till in the clouds she met her lover's form,
 And with him soar'd to heav'n, amid the bellowing
 storm ;
 And still the rustics to their sons relate,
 The dismal story of fair Emma's fate,
 As oft' as "in long winter nights" they tell,
 How Monmouth fought, how gallant Percy fell.

J. H.

▲ L E N

ALLEN AND ELLA.

A FRAGMENT. *

ON the banks of that crystalline stream
 Where Thames, oft' his current delays ;
 And charms, more than poets can dream,
 In his Richmond's bright villa surveys.

* A surreptitious copy of this appeared (agreeable to the date below) under the names of COLIN and LUCY : and, at a time when all modern productions were decried, this piece, by means of the following preface, met with an approbation which otherwise, no doubt, it would have failed of.

To the READER.

The MS. bears date (anno 1609), at East-Sheene in Surry, the then bright residence of a maiden-queen, and her royal court. Who the personages were, concealed under the simple characters of ALLEN and ELLA, does not rightly appear ; but, as a lady of the noble family of Hungerford is recorded to have drowned herself much about that period, 'tis more than probable it gave birth to the affecting tale ; and the reader is left to judge, how far the productions of that refined age would have exceeded those of the present, had more of them been, fortunately, preserved.

It is hoped, that time has not so injured other pieces, as to prevent their being presented to the public hereafter. What parts of this were unintelligible, are only guessed at : for the editor, as he would not dare the adding to, chose also, not to diminish from, so valuable a Fragment.

Richmond, May 1, 1755.

Fair Ella ! of all the gay throng
 The fairest that nature had seen,
 Now drew ev'ry village along,
 From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah ! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r,
 For short is the triumph, ye fair !
 Not fleetter the bloom of each flow'r ;
 And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,
 By riches endeavours to prove ;
 But Ella still cries, what is gold,
 Or wealth, when compar'd to his love ?

Yes, Allen, together we'll wield
 Our fickles in summer's bright day ;
 Together we'll leaze o'er the field,
 And smile all our labours away.

In winter I'll winnow the wheat,
 As it falls from thy flail on the ground :
 That flail will be music as sweet,
 When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft' wou'd he speak of his bliss !
 How oft' wou'd he call her his maid !
 And Allen would seal with a kiss
 Ev'ry promise and vow that he laid.

But,

But, hark ! o'er the grass-level * land,
 The village bells sound on the plain ;
 False Allen this morn gave his hand,
 And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale,
 Too soon the sad cause she was told,
 That his was a nymph of the vale,
 That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,
 Which † ——— fide,
 How oft' she was languishing seen !
 How oft' wou'd she gaze on the tide !

By the clear river, then, as she fate,
 Which reflected herself and the mead ;
 While she be-wept her sad fate,
 And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

There, there ! is it Ella I see ?
 'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid !
 Ah ! no, 'tis some Ella like me,
 Some hapless young virgin betray'd.

* Most likely the village of Peterham.

† In the original (much damaged in this particular place) it seems to be—"Which befringes that sweet river's side."

Like

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept,
 Like me she has fondly believ'd ;
 Like me her true promise she kept,
 And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
 Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu !
 I come, and we'll gather relief
 From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like you, I have mourn'd the long night,
 And wept out the day in despair ;
 Like you, I have banish'd delight,
 And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows so lively, * farewell !
 Your velvet still Allen shall tread !
 All deaf to the sound of that knell
 Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd ;
 Nor Allen her loss shall bemoan ;
 Soon, soon shall poor Ella be laid
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

* In the MS. it appears "lovely."

Then

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate ;
 As together ye draw the free air,
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate ;

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh,
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,]
 And * _____ die.

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream ;
 Tears are lost in that wat'ry plain,
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed ;
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, at eve,
 Oft' meet at the dark-spreading yew ;
 There, wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

* Perhaps it is, " And the violet languish and die."

With

With garlands, of ev'ry flow'r,
 (Which Ella herself shou'd have made,)
 They raise up a short-living bow'r ;
 And, fighting ! cry, " Peace to her shade."

Then, hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
 The green-platting hillock around ;
 They talk of poor Ella, and love ;
 And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish they had never been born,
 Or liv'd, the sad moment to view !
 When her Allen could thus be forsworn,
 And his Ella could still be so true.

THE CONTENTED PAIR.

A Cottage, with a steeple nigh,
 A little brook that bubbles by ;
 A garden full of fruits and flowers,
 Of mossy beds and shady bowers ;
 An orchard richly stor'd with fruit
 That any lady's taste may suit ;
 Daifies spread th' enamel'd ground,
 Diffusing fragrance all around ;
 The tender trees and shrubs exhale,
 Those sweets that blow with ev'ry gale ;

The

The fertile lands and fruitful fields,
 Enliv'ning all that nature yields ;
 Without, you view this lovely frame,
 Within, the scene is much the same.
 Tho' some would call our cottage mean,
 Few palaces are kept so clean.
 For sumptuous fare we never look
 When there's a fitch upon the hook.
 Blest with two lovely girls and boys,
 Who part our care and share our joys,
 We chearful pass the time away
 In labour all the live-long day ;
 With hearts quite open and sincere,
 With no improper wish or fear,
 We study, aim, and wish to do
 Just as we would be done unto ;
 Thinking content a greater gain
 Than pride with all her haughty train,
 Or blaze and splendour of a court,
 Where honour's often but a sport.
 Contented, as we said before,
 We neither ask or wish for more ;
 To wish for more were but a jest,
 To Providence we leave the rest.

VERSES,

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY A COMPARISON WHICH WAS MADE
BETWEEN A YOUNG * LADY OF QUALITY, OF
DISTINGUISHED BEAUTY AND MERIT, AND
MISS LAWRENCE.

ASPASIA, Laura, lovely pair!
Each with love's fires the bosom warm,
Both tender, virtuous, young and fair,
But yet by different means they charm.

Aspasia, birth and titles grace,
Yet she is humble, mild and free;
While Laura's stem no heralds trace,
Yet every look has majesty.

When blushes paint Aspasia's face,
Bespeaking modesty and sense,
We almost think a court the place
To seek for conscious innocence.

When awful grace and dignity,
In low-born Laura's eye we find,
We then confess to no degree
True grace and greatness are confin'd.

* Lady D. S——r.

Aspasia,

Aspasia, every tongue must own,
Adds lustre e'en to princely state ;
While Laura proves (tho' fortune frown)
 That merit needs not to be great.

'Tho' bless'd with ev'ry charm and grace,
Aspasia, grieve not then to see
A lowly maid, in mind and face,
 Nam'd thus a rival e'en to thee.

And, Laura, thou this lesson hear,
 That gentlest manners may be found,
E'en in the high-exalted fair,
 Whom pomp and vanity surround.

THE NAIAD OF BATH.

TO COLONEL S——.

DEAR Col'nel, you enjoin'd the task,
 An easy one for you to ask,
 As easy me to grant ;
 For where both join in sympathy,
 'Tis very easy to agree,
 To seek what both we want.

You bid me sing a hymn to health,
 For what are talents, titles, wealth,

Without

Without her favours blest ?
 Come, goddess, come, propitious hear,
 In all thy rosy trim appear,
 And lull our pains to rest.

I sung ;—the goddess heard my prayer,
 And said, “ To Avon’s banks repair,
 “ Where Eladud’s waters flow ;
 “ There have I plac’d a lovely maid,
 “ Lawrence, fair mistress of my trade,
 “ And substitute below.”

—But, oh ! ye invalids beware
 How you approach the pump ! for there
 Cupid in ambush lies ;
 There, while her hands deal health around,
 The wanton rogue is sure to wound,
 And kills us thro’ her eyes.

But what kind caution e’er could save,
 From her sweet chains, the willing slave,
 As we too fondly know ;
 The god at random lanc’d a dart,
 Which wounded you quite thro’ the heart,
 And me from head to toe.

A NEW

A NEW TALE,

GRAFTED ON AN OLD STORY.

THRO' Moorfields, at the peep of day,
A troop of sportsmen took their way ;
In rustic state they rode along,
A ranting, purse-proud, thoughtless throng,
With modish nabs, and tight surtouts,
And bright spring spurs, and jemmy boots ;
These in the foremost ranks appear ;
Falc'ners, hawks, dogs, compose the rear.

A bedlamite, by chance let out,
With gaping grin admir'd the rout ;
And when the cavalcade had pass'd,
Beckon'd and bawl'd to stop the last.
 " Good friend (said he) pray let me know
 " What means this sort of raree-show,
 " And who's yon' green coat riding there,
 " That cracks his whip with such an air ;
 " Is he your brother ? sure he is ;
 " For you're much like in dress and phiz."

No, he's our 'squire (reply'd the other)
 But loves me better than a brother :
 And well he may, for ne'er a man
 Could train his falcons as I can :

This,

This, on my hand, tho' lately made,
 Is quite a master of his trade,
 And shews more sense, if I may say't,
 Than all yon folks have in their pate :
 'Tis that has brought them all together,
 To try his blood, this charming weather.

" Well (said the first) and pray what hire
 " May you have yearly from the 'squire ?"

A score (said he) of yellow boys,
 Besides some other casual toys ;
 A waistcoat lac'd, unsoil'd and clever,
 Or ruffled shirts as whole as ever ;
 And oftentimes a lucky pounce
 Tempts him to throw me half an ounce ;
 Besides the best of meat and drink,
 And all too little you may think,
 For the fatigue that I endure
 In bringing young ones to the lure :
 But such an ord'nary, you know,
 Is no bad thing, as markets'go.

" Has he a son ?" rejoin'd the fool !
 Ay, but he's boarded out at school.

" What has his tutor by the year ?"
 As much as I, or very near.

" Is

" Is that the case ? o'ertake your master,
 " Tell him, from me, to gallop faster ;
 " For if our keeper gets him here,
 " He'll tie him down, at least, a year."

**ON A LADY'S ASKING A GENTLEMAN HOW MUCH
HE LOVED HER.**

TO MISS ——.

MY passion, Sylvia, to prove,
 You bid me tell how much I love.
 I love thee then—but language fails—
 More than bees love flow'ry vales ;
 More than turtle loves his dove ;
 More than warblers love the grove ;
 More than nature loves the spring ;
 More than linnet loves to sing ;
 More than insects sunny beams ;
 More than poet's airy dreams ;
 More than fishes love the flood ;
 More than patriots public good ;
 More than flocks the grassy plains ;
 More than hinds increasing rains ;
 More than statesman loves his plot ;
 More than am'rous age to doat ;

More

More than lords their pedigree ;
 More than Britons to be free ;
 More than heirs love twenty-one ;
 More than heroes laurels won ;
 More than elves the moon-light shade ;
 More than ancient maids to wed ;
 More than hermit loves his cell ;
 More than beauty to excel ;
 More than miser loves his store ;
 More than myself---can I do more ?

D. M.

E N D O F V O L. V.

